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**"THE SUCCESSOR OF WASHINGTON, GRANT, SHERMAN, AND SHERIDAN" HONOURS BRITAIN'S GLORIOUS DEAD:
GENERAL PERSHING LAYING A WREATH ON THE CENOTAPH IN WHITEHALL.**

After the ceremony in Westminster Abbey, where (on October 17) he placed the Congressional Medal on the grave of the Unknown Warrior, General Pershing paid another tribute to Britain's "Glorious Dead," by laying a wreath at the base of the Cenotaph in Whitehall. Speaking in the Abbey, the American Ambassador (Mr. Harvey) said of General Pershing and the act that he was about to perform: "What more fitting than that this soldier of the great Republic should place this rare and precious token of appreciation and affection

of a hundred millions of kinsmen upon the tomb of his comrade? Proudly and reverently I call upon the General of the Armies of the United States, fifth only in line as successor of Washington, Grant, Sherman, and Sheridan, to bestow the Medal of Honour upon this typical British soldier." The wreath placed on the Cenotaph was composed of laurels, palms, and bays tied with the American colours, and a card inscribed: "Laid by General Pershing with loving sympathy and in glorious memory of his British comrades who fell during the Great War."

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHOTO. ILLUS. CO.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A LADY writer for whom I have otherwise a warm admiration recently proposed a treaty, or at least a truce, in the war of Bacon and Shakespeare. The compromise, or what she regarded as a compromise, consisted in agreeing that Shakespeare did not write Shakespeare, without affirming that Bacon did. This rather reminds me, I confess, of some of the compromises proposed by Prussia in the later stages of the war; and especially her offer to internationalise all territories that obviously belonged to other nations. But the compromise is undoubtedly topical and in touch with the times, since there have lately appeared several rivals to Bacon as well as to Shakespeare. A procession of showy Elizabethan aristocrats now passes across the stage, each striking an attitude in turn and assuring us that he was the real author of "Hamlet," but was too shy to say so. This is at least rather a relief after the omnipresence of the Bacon of the Baconians, who was not only Shakespeare, but everybody else too, sometimes even Cervantes and Montaigne. In fact, he was the only man of the Renaissance, and all other men were his masks. He disguised himself as a crowd. He concealed himself artfully in twenty places at once. He was certainly, as his followers say, a wonderful man; but there was something bewildering, and even blood-curdling, about walking in that wax-work show of historical dummies, with only the one awful ventriloquistic voice calling to us on every side and out of every corner.

I only touch on this old matter as a text for some reflections

on the rare art of reasoning. It does not much matter whether the man who wrote Bacon also wrote Shakespeare, but it does very much matter that the people who write English should also write sense. Now the initiators of the new attempt to eliminate William of Stratford continually fall into a strange and simple fallacy that ought to be exposed for its own sake. Even the critic already quoted fell into it, when she argued that the story of the Stratfordian actor and author is inconceivable, since he lived and died comparatively quietly as an actor, though he had produced admittedly amazing masterpieces as an author. Why, it is asked, was there not more excitement about such a sensational genius? To which the obvious answer is "Why indeed?" Why was there not such an excitement about him whoever he was, or whoever he was supposed to be? If some such explosion of ecstasy must have followed such work, why did it not follow the right man, or the wrong man, or any man? If Shakespeare had successfully stolen the glory of Bacon, why, on this argument, was there not more to steal? In that case, it is for the Baconians to

answer their own question about why Shakespeare was not more admired. And it is obvious that the Baconians, on their own principle, cannot answer their own question. If, on the other hand, people really knew that Shakespeare was but the mask and Bacon the master, why did they not give Bacon all the praise that is here assumed as due to the master? If it was known to be somebody else, like the Earl of Southampton, why did they not give it to the Earl of Southampton? If it was not known to be anybody else, but supposed to be Shakespeare, why did they not give it to Shakespeare? This riddle remains exactly the same in whatever direction you twist it, or to whatever man you make it point. Granted that there should be a great fuss about the fame of such work, and then, if somebody did it, there

was anxious to prove that the murdered body found in the river was not that of Mary Rogers, so he argued that no assassin would be so silly as to kill Mary Rogers and throw her corpse into the water with no weight attached to it. Poe naturally pointed out that, on that argument, no assassin would do it with the corpse of anybody else either. So that the journalist had only succeeded in arguing that no corpse could be found in the river as this corpse was found in the river. In the same way, the Anti-Stratfordians have only succeeded in arguing that no masterpieces could be so comparatively neglected as these masterpieces were comparatively neglected. The neglect, if it be a fact at all, is a fact independent of the name. The works were as much or as little

admired whether or no they were the works of William Shakespeare; just as the corpse was as much or as little weighted whether or no it was the corpse of Mary Rogers. And in both cases it is possible, as Poe says, to go behind the formal fallacy to the fundamental questions, or what he calls the rationale of the rule. It is possible to ask of the book or play, as of the body thrown into the river, how much weight really was attached to it, and to what extent it did make a splash.

Now I admit that Francis Bacon was a more interesting person than Mary Rogers, and that even fishing for Bacon's soul in the River Wye may be more pleasing than fishing for poor Mary's body in the River Hudson. But I am here only taking one literary squabble as Poe took one very squalid murder, in the more general interest of logic and the love of



BEARER OF AMERICA'S TRIBUTE TO THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR: GENERAL PERSHING (LEFT), WITH FIELD-MARSHAL SIR HENRY WILSON, ON THE BRIDGE OF THEIR BOAT AS IT NEARED DOVER.

General Pershing came over from Paris on Sunday, October 16, with Field-Marshal Sir Henry Wilson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, reaching Dover at 6 p.m. He had a great welcome on his arrival in London later in the evening. The ceremony at the Abbey next day is illustrated on other pages in this number.—[Photograph by Tom Aitken.]

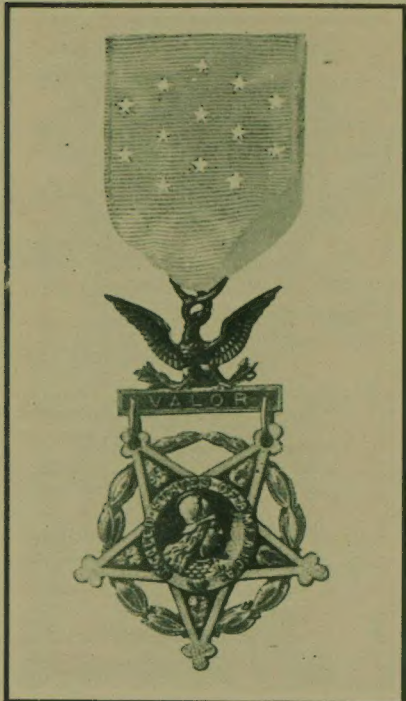
should be a fuss about him; if somebody else, a fuss about him; if nobody knew who did it, a fuss about who did it. Indeed, if nobody knew, one would naturally suppose there would be the greatest fuss of all. I am only taking this as a typical current error in logic; and for that purpose I take the Baconian premises for granted. I merely point out that their own refutation can be deduced from their own premises. For the rest, I fancy it might throw some light on the mystery to throw some doubt on the data—e.g., to question (1) whether masterpieces must always be followed by this earthquake of public interest; (2) whether Shakespeare's masterpieces were so much neglected as is here implied; (3) and even whether there was not something of a case for those who, in the complexity of all contemporary quarrels, preferred to admire him on this side of idolatry.

Now, in that case, I am interested in the fallacy and not in the fact. Curiously enough, it is almost exactly the same fallacy which Edgar Allan Poe pointed out in the Press comments on the murder of Mary Rogers. One of the journalists

truth. And in this age, which still makes some pretence of being rationalistic, there seems to be a gross neglect of the rational. There is, for instance, a far more general appreciation of the beautiful. The number of ordinary people who have a pleasure in good music is much greater than of those who have any appreciation of good logic. The number of people who have good taste in the decoration of their houses, or the matching of colours in their clothes, is very much greater than of those who make any abstract use of their minds. And in reading the works of really able modern critics, I am constantly struck by the contrast between their brilliant sensibility in art and their baffling confusion in philosophy. Even the two particular examples I have chanced to mention illustrate the general condition. For the critic I have ventured to criticise is herself a creative artist of the finest imagination and insight; and many people remember Poe's "Raven" as a fine romantic dirge who probably do not remember Poe's rational exposure of the fallacy about Mary Rogers. If they did, they would never have fallen into it again.

RECIPROCAL HONOURS: THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL AND THE V.C.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS, C.N., ALFIERI, AND L.N.A.; THE VICTORIA CROSS LENT BY MESSRS. A. H. BALDWIN AND SONS, LTD., 4A, DUNCANNON STREET.



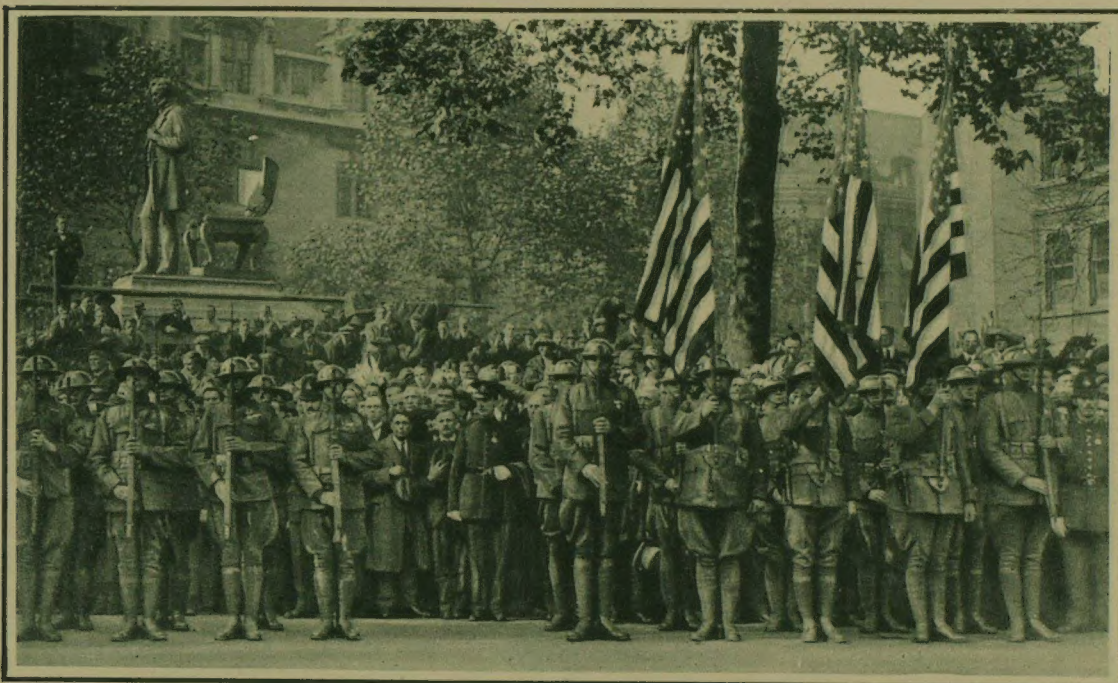
FOR BRITAIN'S UNKNOWN WARRIOR: THE AMERICAN CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL.



SHOWING THE AMERICAN CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL PLACED UPON IT BY GENERAL PERSHING: THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



FOR AMERICA'S UNKNOWN WARRIOR: THE VICTORIA CROSS.



NEAR THE STATUE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN (LEFT BACKGROUND): AMERICAN TROOPS, WITH THE STARS AND STRIPES, LINING THE ROUTE TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY.



WEARING THE STAR OF HIS G.C.B.: GENERAL PERSHING (RIGHT) WITH THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.



LONDONERS THROG TO GREET THE AMERICANS: UNITED STATES BLUEJACKETS, WITH THEIR COLOURS, MARCHING THROUGH THE CROWD IN WHITEHALL.



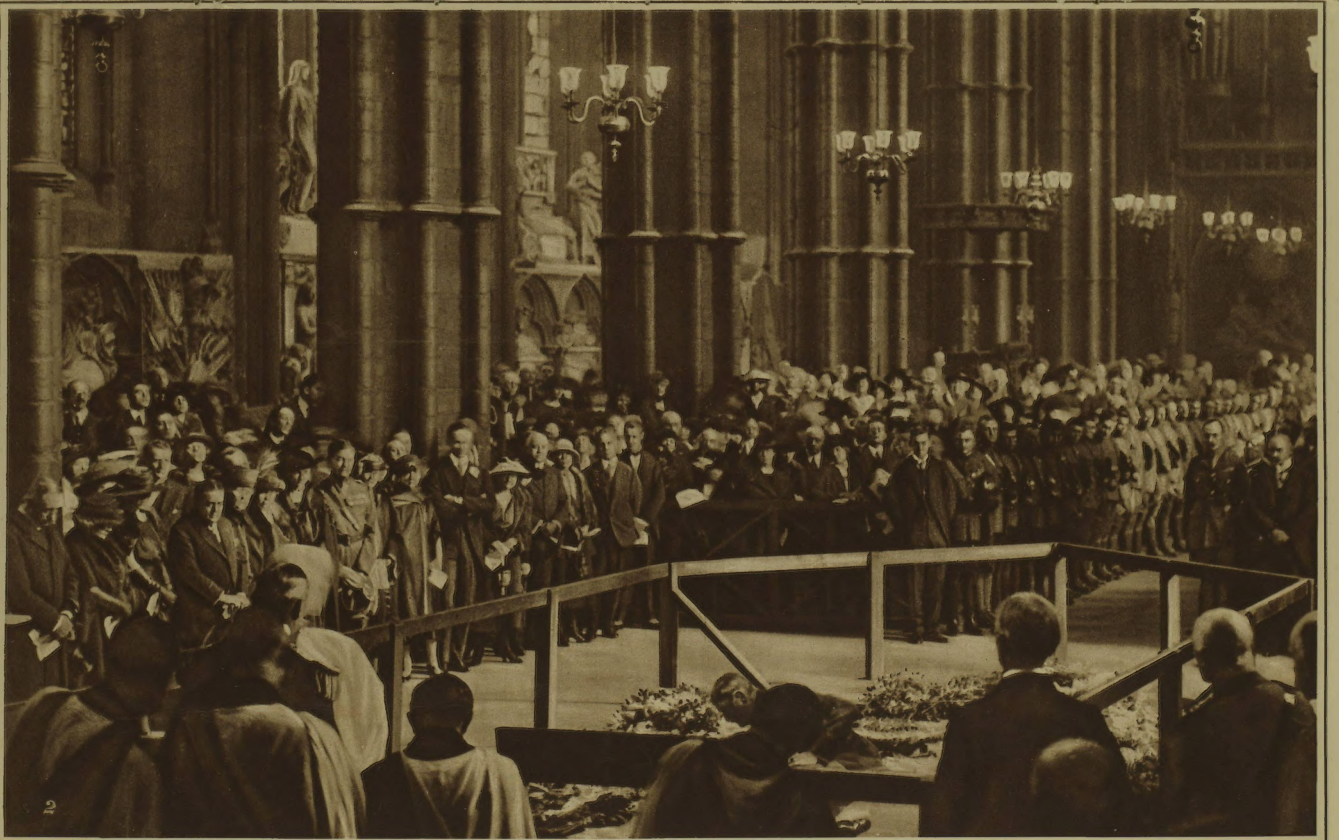
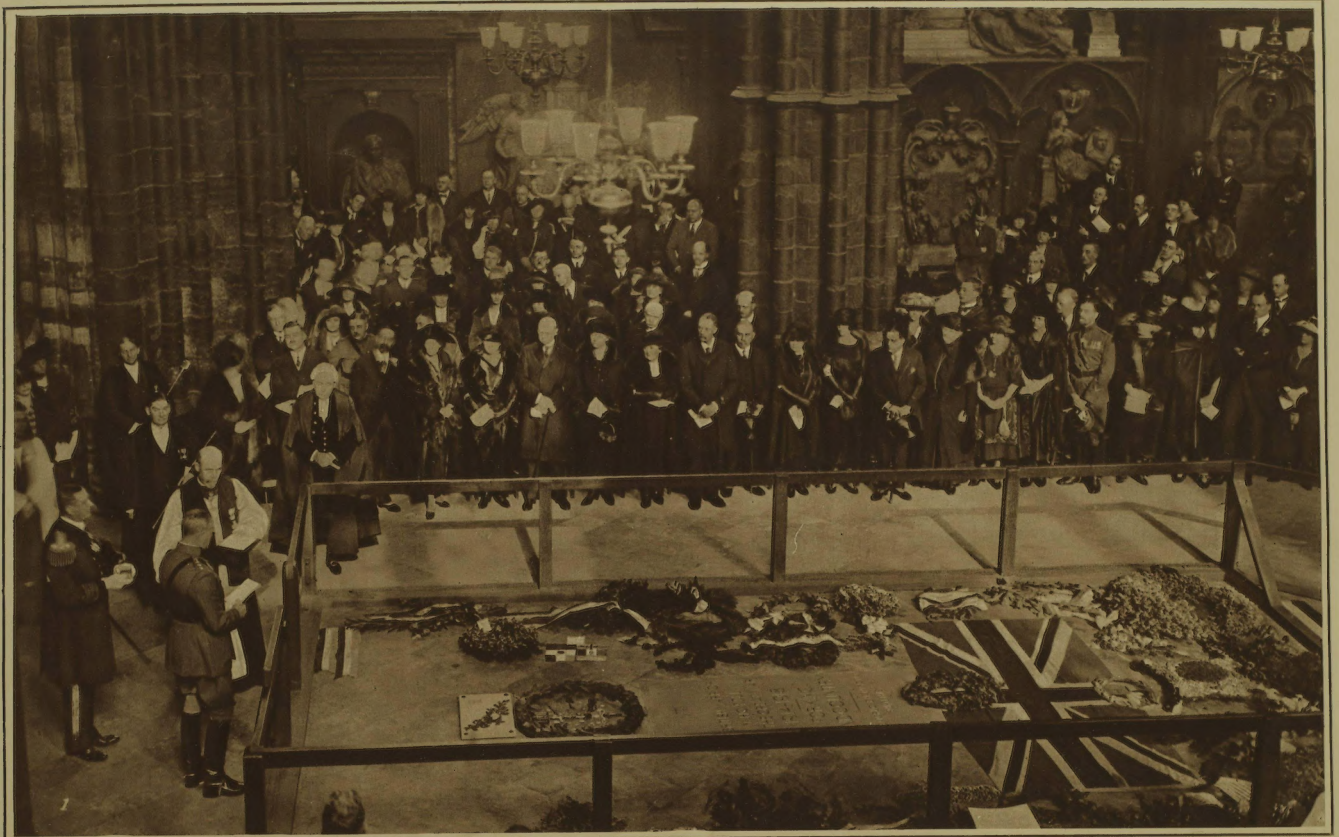
THE PREMIER ENTERING THE ABBEY: (L. TO R.) LORD LEE OF FAREHAM, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, AND SIR L. WORTHINGTON EVANS.

On the occasion of the placing by General Pershing of America's highest military honour, the Congressional Medal, on the grave of our Unknown Warrior, the King sent a telegram to President Harding, in which he said: "On Armistice Day the representatives of the British Empire in Washington will join with you in a ceremony held to honour the splendid record of your own troops. I greatly wish on that occasion to confer on your Unknown Warrior our highest decoration for valour, the Victoria Cross. It has never yet been bestowed upon a subject of another State, but I trust that you and the American people will

accept the gift in order that the British Empire may thus most fitly pay its tribute to a tomb which symbolises every deed of conspicuous valour performed by men of your great fighting forces, whether by sea or land, upon the Western Front." The United States forces were represented at the Abbey ceremony by five hundred picked troops brought over from Paris, and by a naval detachment from the U.S. cruiser "Olympia" at Plymouth. The medal placed on the grave by General Pershing had attached to it a long ribbon of watered blue silk, as shown in the top central illustration on this page.

"A TOKEN OF OUR GRATITUDE AND AFFECTION": AMERICA'S HOMAGE TO BRITAIN'S UNKNOWN WARRIOR.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE "TIMES" AND THE "DAILY MAIL."



1. "THE HEARTS OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE JOIN IN THIS TRIBUTE": GENERAL PERSHING (LEFT) READING HIS SPEECH IN THE ABBEY BEFORE PLACING THE MEDAL ON THE GRAVE.

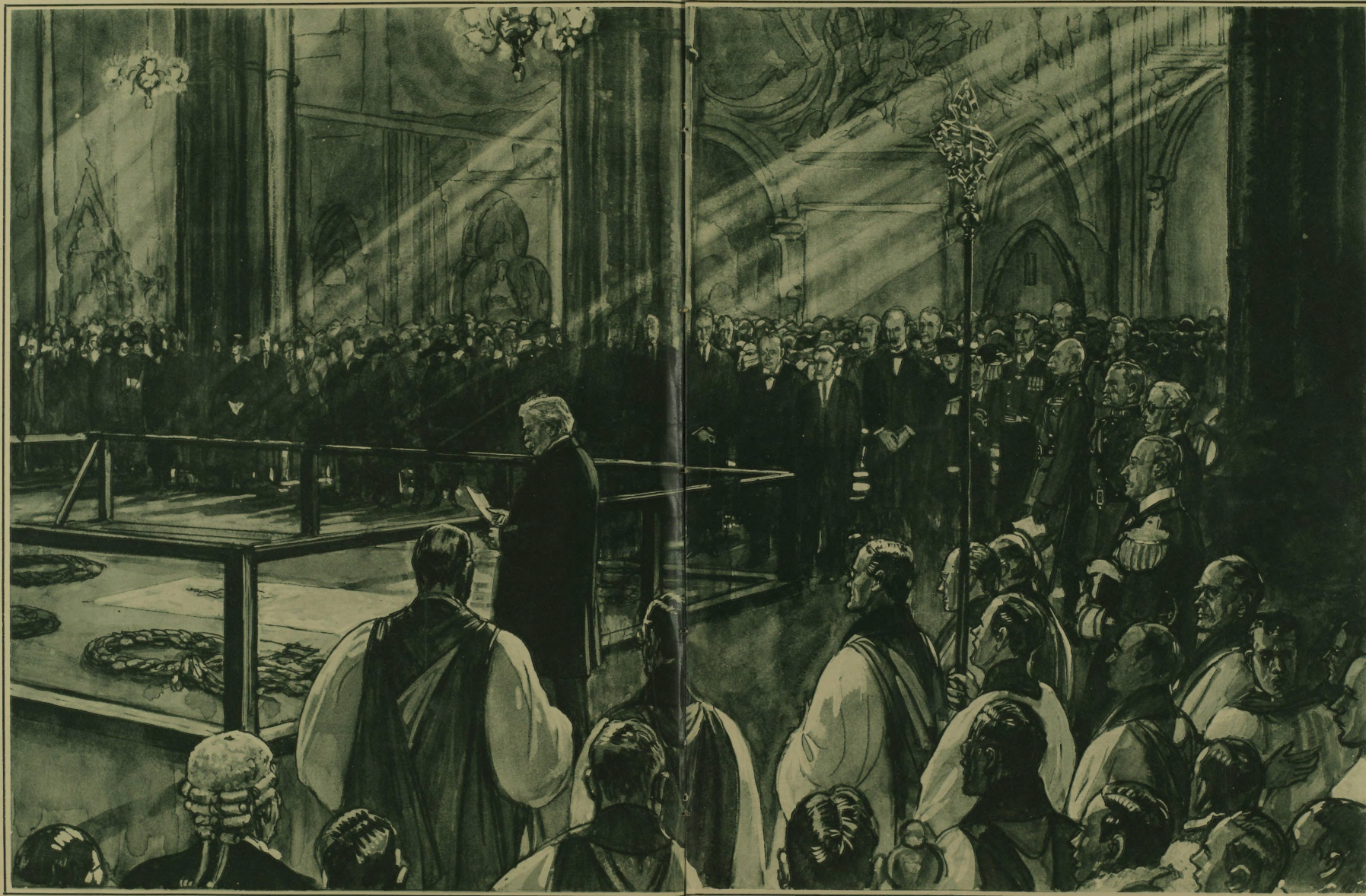
In a speech of soldierly eloquence, General Pershing said: "As we solemnly gather about this sepulchre, the hearts of the American people join in this tribute to their English-speaking kinsman. . . . And now, in this holy sanctuary, in the name of the President and the people of the United States, I place upon his tomb the Medal of Honour conferred upon him by special Act of the American Congress, in commemoration of the sacrifices of our

2. "IN THE NAME OF THE PRESIDENT AND PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES": GENERAL PERSHING LAYING THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOUR ON THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR'S GRAVE.

British comrade and his fellow-countrymen, and as a slight token of our gratitude and affection towards this people." To the left of General Pershing in the upper photograph is Vice-Admiral Niblack, who handed him the medal. Facing him is Bishop Ryle, Dean of Westminster. In the lower photograph, right foreground (seen from behind) are Mr. Harvey, U.S. Ambassador (left), and the Duke of Connaught (next).

"THESE TWO PEOPLES . . . HAVE RESOLVED TO REMAIN COMRADES": THE PREMIER VOICES BRITAIN'S GRATITUDE.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST STEVEN SPURRIER, R.O.I.



"THIS EMPIRE, TO ITS REMOTEST CORNERS, WILL NOT MISS THE DEEP SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS DEED": MR. LLOYD GEORGE SPEAKING IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY AFTER GENERAL PERSHING HAD LAID THE CONGRESSIONAL MEDAL OF HONOUR ON THE GRAVE OF THE UNKNOWN WARRIOR.

On October 17 General Pershing laid the highest honour that his country can bestow, the American Congressional Medal, upon the grave of our Unknown Warrior in Westminster Abbey. After the Medal had been deposited, the Prime Minister came to the grave-head, and expressed the profound gratitude of the Government and the Nation. "The action of the President and of Congress," he said, "has deeply stirred British hearts. This Empire, to its remotest corners, will not miss the deep significance of this deed and of this day. The homage laid to-day on this grave will remain as an emblem of a common sacrifice for a common purpose. It will be a reminder not only to this generation, but for all generations to come, that the fundamental aims of these two democracies are the

same, and it will be interpreted as a solemn pledge given to the valiant dead that these two mighty peoples who were comrades in the Great War have resolved to remain comrades to guarantee a great peace." In the foreground to the left of Mr. Lloyd George is the Dean of Westminster (Bishop Ryle). In the background (left to right, beginning from the pillar beyond the Premier) are seen, in the front row: Captain F. E. Gosset (Secretary for Air), Mr. Churchill, Lord Lee of Fareham (First Lord of the Admiralty), Sir L. Worthington-Evans (Secretary for War), Mrs. Lloyd George, Admiral Twining (U.S. Navy), the Duke of Connaught, General Pershing, Mr. Harvey (U.S. Ambassador), and Admiral Niblack (U.S. Navy). In the right foreground is the choir.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

THE CESAREWITCH; AN ANGLO-FRENCH WEDDING; A NEW BOROUGH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COUSINS (BURY ST. EDMUNDS), ROUCH, DORY (PARIS), PHOTO. NEWS AGENCY, G.P.U., AND FARRINGTON PHOTO. CO.



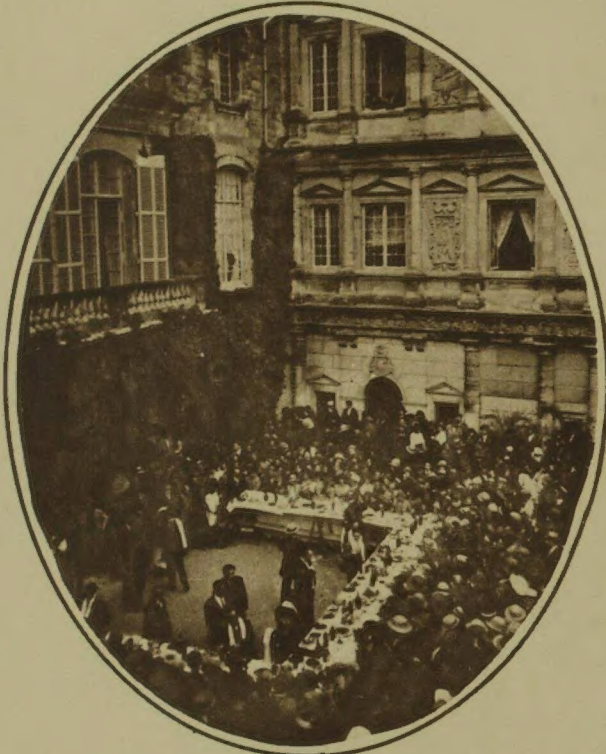
UNVEILED BY GENERAL LORD HORNE: THE BURY ST. EDMUNDS WAR MEMORIAL TO 400 MEN OF THAT CITY.



THE SURPRISE WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH AT NEWMARKET: MRS. R. L. BURNLEY'S YUTOI (H. JELLISS UP).



AN ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE: THE DUC DE CRUSSOL AND HIS BRIDE (MISS EVELYN GORDON).



AT THE HISTORIC CHATEAU D'UZÈS: THE DUC AND DUCHESS DE CRUSSOL'S OPEN-AIR WEDDING "BREAKFAST."



TO LAY A BRITISH WREATH ON THE GRAVE OF AMERICA'S UNKNOWN WARRIOR: MRS. McCUDDEN.



A NEW LONDON BOROUGH CONSTITUTED: THE MAYOR OF ACTON, MR. F. A. BALDWIN, HANDING THE CHARTER TO THE TOWN CLERK, MR. WILLIAM HODSON (LEFT).

General Lord Horne unveiled at Bury St. Edmunds on Oct. 13 a war memorial inscribed: "In proud and thankful memory of about 400 men of Bury St. Edmunds who laid down their lives in the Great War." The Bishop of St. Edmundsbury and Ipswich performed the dedication.—The Cesarewitch was won at Newmarket on October 12 by Mrs. R. L. Burnley's Yutoi, by four lengths, from Mrs. F. Hardy's Charleville (second), with Lord Derby's Harrier third. The favourite, Sir A. Bailey's Tishy, was nowhere.—The marriage of the Duc de Crussol, eldest son of the Duc and Duchesse d'Uzès, to Miss Evelyn Gordon, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gordon, of 22, South Audley Street, took place at Uzès, Gard, on October 10. The bridal party walked from the Château to



THE PRINCE OF WALES APPEALS FOR THE UNEMPLOYED—HIS LAST PUBLIC ACT BEFORE LEAVING FOR INDIA: H.R.H. AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

the Mairie, and the religious ceremony was held in the Cathedral.—Mrs. McCudden, who was chosen by the Pilgrim Fathers Association to go to the United States to lay a wreath on the American Unknown Warrior's grave, is the mother of the late Major J. B. McCudden, the famous airman V.C.—Acton celebrated its incorporation as a London Municipal Borough on October 12.—At the Mansion House on October 12 the Prince of Wales presided at a meeting of the British Empire Exhibition Committee. He made an earnest appeal that £1,000,000 should be raised to start the Exhibition buildings at Wembley, and thus provide work for thousands of unemployed. The photograph shows him between the Lord Mayor, Sir James Roll (standing), and Mr. Churchill.

ROYALTY AT CAMBRIDGE: AGRICULTURAL SCIENCE AND MODEL HOUSING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A.



THE QUEEN VISITING HOUSES BUILT FOR OFFICERS' WIDOWS: HER MAJESTY WITH THE TWO LITTLE CHILDREN OF MRS. BATCHELOR.



THE QUEEN AS TREE-PLANTER: HER MAJESTY SHOVELLING IN EARTH ROUND A MULBERRY-TREE OUTSIDE THE NEW HOUSES.



THE KING IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST SEED-TESTING STATION: INSPECTING A LABORATORY IN THE NEW INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURAL BOTANY.



THE QUEEN'S INTEREST IN SCIENTIFIC WORK FOR GIRLS: WATCHING GRASS-GERMINATION TESTS AT THE INSTITUTE OF AGRICULTURAL BOTANY.

The King and Queen, with Princess Mary, stopped at Cambridge on October 14, on their way to Sandringham, and visited the new Institute of Agricultural Botany, which claims to be the largest seed-testing station in the world. Their Majesties inspected the cereal and clover-testing laboratories, the grass-germination department, the research laboratory, the women's staff common-room, council-room, and library. Most of the staff are girls, engaged in testing and separating seeds, and noting the percentage of fertility. The Queen remarked how suitable such work was to girls with a scientific training. The King was greatly

interested in the growth from seed of new varieties of potatoes, immune from the incurable wart disease that is very prevalent. One of the best varieties is named, after him, the "King George." His Majesty planted a mulberry-tree in the grounds, and the Queen planted another outside the houses built by the Housing Association for officers' widows and their families. Our first photograph shows her Majesty at the house of Mrs. Batchelor, whose husband, a Major in the Royal Air Force, was killed in the war. The King and Queen talked to Mrs. Batchelor's two children, Thomas (aged two-and-a-half) and Elizabeth (aged four).

EXTRACTING A GERMAN THORN FROM BRITAIN'S SIDE: HELIGOLAND.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAJOR A. F. TIFFETT, R.E.

HELIGOLAND, the North Sea island which the Germans fortified at huge expense, has now been almost entirely dismantled, according to the Peace Treaty, which forbids any future fortification there. It was stated on October 14 that the Inter-Allied Commission, under Admiral Sir Edward Charlton, which has been in control of the work of demolition for the past two years, would shortly report that the main task was finished, and its officers had been withdrawn. Certain works are left to be completed by the Germans, under occasional inspection. The island then reverts to the complete control of Germany! A "Times" report of the dismantling of Heligoland says: "In all, the Naval Commission has supervised the destruction of about 2400 guns. . . . Naval officers have seen the great guns cut into pieces, witnessing a process of steel-cutting by oxygen under high pressure that was new to them. In the destruction of cartridge cases, fuses, and so forth, they have always insisted on the production of the scrap metal, while in the destruction of the vast stores of explosives where there is no residue to produce as evidence they have personally watched the burnings. Admiral Charlton is satisfied that very little in the way of warlike stores can have been concealed. . . . The main work of demolition at Heligoland has been concerned not with guns alone, though they were a large item, but with gun emplacements and harbour works. These were on a big scale, many of the guns being 30.5-cm., others 21-cm., others 15-cm., and less. There were also batteries of howitzers and anti-aircraft guns. The larger guns, mounted mainly in pairs, needed massive emplacements of concrete and steelwork, with complicated machinery for revolving and elevating them. Great care had been expended to protect the shelters from shells that might be dropped from high-angle fire, and some of the cupolas were solid steel 3 ft. thick. The German oxygen drill easily penetrated them. Charges were inserted, and they were smashed to drop with all their weight on the machinery below. Some 15 or 20 such emplacements are thus being destroyed, some for two heavy guns, others for smaller guns in groups. One near the howitzer batteries contained four 5.2-cm. anti-aircraft guns. Others held half a dozen 3.7 revolver guns. There were other emplacements for range-finders, shell-proof shelters for crews, emplacements for disappearing searchlights, and protected command posts. Some of this work is not yet completed. The emplacements for 30.5-cm. and 21-cm. and howitzer batteries are to be destroyed by the end of the year, and the last piece of fortification destruction will be the demolition of the famous incline tunnel with its winding machinery, which is to be destroyed

(Continued below.)

PLACING CANISTERS OF EXPLOSIVE CONNECTED ELECTRICALLY: PREPARING TO BLOW UP A CAISSON.



THE BLOWING-UP OF THE CAISSON: A BURST FOR WHICH 4200 LB. OF EXPLOSIVE WAS USED.



THE DESTRUCTION OF GERMAN FORTIFICATIONS ON HELIGOLAND: THE DEMOLITION OF UNDERGROUND WORKINGS, BUILT OF REINFORCED CONCRETE, IN THE ANNA TURRET OF THE SOUTH GROUP.

(Continued.)

by April 30. The machinery house is to be left for use by the islanders. A great amount of labour has been expended in destroying the harbour, which the Germans built up so carefully for their submarine and light-cruiser warfare. When the Germans decided to fortify the island and make it a naval base, they discarded the old harbour, constructed a new foreshore, and threw out the long

quays and breakwaters behind which their war-vessels were to shelter. The new foreshore they made by reclaiming land, bringing the sand from an island near the mouth of the Elbe. The vast masses of stone used in the construction of the moles were brought from the mainland, and from the reclaimed area the long jetties were run out to enclose an area almost as large as the island itself.

(Continued opposite.)

THE DISMANTLING OF HELIGOLAND: GERMAN NAVAL WORKS DESTROYED.

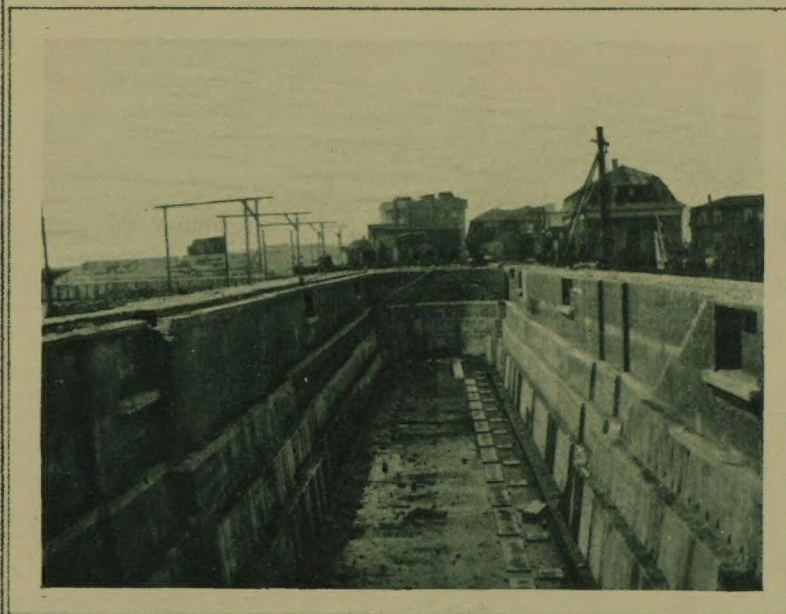
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAJOR A. F. TIPPETT, R.E.



BEFORE ITS DEMOLITION: THE SEAPLANE QUAY, WHERE SHEDS AND HANGARS HAD BEEN REMOVED AND SEAPLANES DESTROYED.



AFTER ITS DEMOLITION: THE REMAINS OF THE SEAPLANE QUAY IN THE NAVAL HARBOUR BUILT BY THE GERMANS.



BEFORE ITS DESTRUCTION: THE DRY DOCK CONSTRUCTED BY THE GERMANS IN THEIR NAVAL HARBOUR ON HELIGOLAND.



A STAGE IN ITS DESTRUCTION (SINCE COMPLETED): THE GERMAN DRY DOCK ON HELIGOLAND IN COURSE OF DEMOLITION.



AFTER ITS DEMOLITION (PREPARATIONS FOR WHICH ARE SHOWN ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE): CAISSON NO. 4 ON THE EAST MOLE.



THE DEMOLITION OF REINFORCED-CONCRETE PETROL-TANKS FOR GERMAN SUBMARINES: A TASK NOT YET COMPLETED.

Continued.]

This foreshore, with its railway, its tanks for oil, its dry dock, its submarine dock, its seaplane wharves and hangars, has been, for all the purposes for which it was intended, entirely destroyed. In this work the North Sea has lent a hand. Breaches have been made in the mole, and the sea has continued the work till the walls have been brought down to a level of 3 ft. under low water of ordinary spring tides. Some work, however, remains to be done. The U-boat quay with its petrol-tanks has yet to be destroyed; it is scheduled to be

completed on March 31 next. A programme has been set out for blowing up what remains of the mole, quays, and jetties. Certain buildings which in the opinion of the naval experts may be safely left to the islanders for civil use have been spared, together with certain emplacements and a section of the railway track . . . It is satisfactory to learn that the Commission holds the view that, whatever may be attempted at Heligoland in the future, it will be impossible to build a harbour for war-ships on the present site."

THE "VICTORY" IN PERIL: NELSON'S FAMOUS

DRAWN BY F. H.



FLAG-SHIP LIKELY TO SINK AT HER MOORINGS.

MASON, R.B.A.



A PROBLEM RECALLED BY THE ANNIVERSARY OF TRAFALGAR: THE PRESENT

The 116th anniversary of Trafalgar, on Oct. 21, recalls the fact that the hull of the *Victory* has given the Admiralty much concern. The constant swinging of the tide in a very busy fairway has seriously affected the old fabric, causing incessant leakage. More than three months ago the late Marquess of Milford Haven stated that she was likely to sink at her moorings. Various schemes have been suggested for saving the famous old vessel. A proposal of Rear-Admiral Hopwood that she should be broken up, and the parts distributed among the churches and chapels of the country, met with a storm of protest. Our illustrations show the *Victory* in her present position (the top left-hand picture), and two suggestions for her future

POSITION OF THE "VICTORY": AND TWO SUGGESTIONS FOR HER FUTURE.

safety. The top right-hand sketch shows her (according to one of these schemes) cemented in one of the old docks in Portsmouth Dockyard, which are too small for modern requirements, though just large enough to accommodate the *Victory*. The drawback to this position is that, as a saluting ship, the value of the *Victory* would be almost nil. The bottom panel illustrates another proposal, that she should be "embedded in Portsmouth Hard." As a saluting ship she would then be in full view of all vessels passing in and out. The Admiralty recently instructed the Dockyard authorities to estimate for a thorough survey, which would mean placing her in dry dock.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

LORD GREY'S HOBBY: THE FALLODON BIRD SANCTUARY.

PHOTOGRAPHS (BY ALFIERI) SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY KIND PERMISSION OF VISCOUNT GREY. PORTRAIT BY RUSSELL.



A TREE IN WHICH A CAROLINA WOOD DUCK NESTED, 300 YARDS FROM THE WATER: THE ELM MENTIONED BY LORD GREY.



STATESMAN AND ORNITHOLOGIST: VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON, WHO HAS REAPPEARED IN POLITICS.

Continued.]

rearing the young as a cock partridge does with his young. He had asked a friend who was going to South America to observe whether this characteristic existed in the wild state, and he had been informed that it does. Dealing with the actual breeding of the different species, Lord Grey mentioned an interesting incident in connection with a Carolina or North American wood duck, which selected as her nesting-place an old elm-tree about 300 yards from the water. The hole in the tree was 21 ft. from the ground, and, being anxious to learn how the duck got the young brood down, Mr. Henderson, his gardener, kept close watch at the time when he thought the brood was due to hatch out. Presently the duck flew down from the hole into the grass, and began calling; then, one by one, the little ducklings came to the edge of the hole and fell to the ground. When measured, the nest was found to be 2 ft. below the hole. For the newly hatched birds to climb that distance, to fall 21 ft. and then follow their mother 300 yards to water, was, he thought, a tremendous tribute to the energy of nature. He had seen it stated that when the common wild duck nested above the ground the mother carried the young down, but this incident in the case of a bird whose natural nesting-place was a hole in a tree rather went to disprove that. "I won't say it is impossible," he continued, "because I have seen a young cuckoo, naked, helpless, and apparently unable to stand in the nest, and when I have put a newly hatched bird in beside it, I have seen that same cuckoo push the bird from the nest. No one who has seen that done will say that anything in nature is incredible." Lord Grey also spoke of the remarkable conjugal fidelity among wild ducks, which are monogamous, and told a story about a pochard drake, which is given on a later page.



WHERE THE NEW-BORN DUCKLINGS CLIMBED 2 FT. AND THEN DROPPED 21 FT. TO THE GROUND TO THEIR MOTHER BELOW: WIRE NETTING AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAROLINA WOOD DUCK'S NEST.

LORD GREY'S collection of wild waterfowl at Fallodon (to quote the "Times" account of his address at Berwick), comprises ten kinds of British ducks and thirteen of foreign ducks. The British birds are: mallard, widgeon, pintail, garganey, shoveller, teal, tufted duck, pochard, red-crested pochard, and white-eyed pochard. The foreign birds are: spotted-bill duck, wood duck, mandarin, Chiloe widgeon, Chilean pintail, Bahama pintail, Chilean teal, rosy-bill duck, falcated duck, blue-winged teal, Brazilian teal, Japanese teal, and versicolor teal. For the purpose of observation the most striking distinction, Lord Grey said, was between those birds which undergo the "eclipse," changing the colour of their plumage from brilliant to dull hue in the breeding season, and those which do not. The mandarin drake and the Carolina wood drake are two of the most brilliant. Anyone without knowledge of birds would hardly believe that the drake and duck had any relationship, but about the end of May and beginning of June the drakes lose their brilliance and assume a dark colour, like the females. Although this is the rule, generally speaking, among British ducks, it is not the rule with ducks all the world over, or even in the same species. Where the drake has an eclipse, he pays no attention to the female when the brood is hatched. For instance, the pintail, an early breeding bird, sometimes at Fallodon brought a brood on to the water when the drake was in its brilliant plumage, but the drake took no notice of the brood whatever. But with the Chilean pintail, where there was no eclipse, the drake went with the duck and brood and took as much trouble in

(Continued in Box 2.)

Viscount Grey of Fallodon recently made his first political speech since his retirement in 1916 from the Foreign Secretaryship, and strongly criticised the Coalition Government for the instability of their policy. Lord Robert Cecil has since suggested that Lord Grey would be the right man to head a new Administration. Here, however, we are concerned, not with Lord Grey the statesman, but with Lord Grey the ornithologist. He is a great lover of nature, and his special hobby is the study of birds. At his Northumberland seat, Fallodon,

he has for thirty-seven years maintained a sanctuary for wild waterfowl, and on October 6 he gave a delightful address on the subject at the annual meeting of the Berwickshire Naturalist Association, at Berwick, over which he presided. Some extracts from the "Times" report of his address are printed above. The latter portion, referring to a Carolina wood duck's nest in an elm-tree, is illustrated by the two photographs of the tree given on this page. Other photographs of the Fallodon bird sanctuary are given on succeeding pages.

MODELS OF CONNUBIAL FIDELITY: MONOGAMOUS WILD DUCK.

PHOTOGRAPHS (BY ALFIERI) SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY KIND PERMISSION OF VISCOUNT GREY.



WILD DUCKS IN VISCOUNT GREY'S BIRD SANCTUARY AT FALLODON: COMMON AND CHILEAN PINTAIL.



A BREED IN WHICH THE DRAKE DOES NOT UNDERGO "ECLIPSE" AND HELPS THE DUCK TO REAR THE YOUNG: CHILEAN PINTAIL.



REMARKABLE FOR CONJUGAL AFFECTION AND ATTACHMENT FOR YEARS TO THE SAME MATE: RED-CRESTED POCHARD.



A STAGE OF TAMENESS WILD BIRDS MAY REACH IN A WEEK WITHIN THE SANCTUARY: AN EIDER COMING TO BE FED BY HAND.



THE LONGEST-LIVED BREED OF WILD DUCK IN LORD GREY'S EXPERIENCE: CHILOE WIDGEON ON THE LAKE AT FALLODON.



A BREED OF WHICH LORD GREY HAD A SPECIMEN THAT LIVED FOR TWENTY YEARS: CHILOE WIDGEON IN THE BIRD SANCTUARY.

in his address to the Berwickshire naturalists, already quoted (from the "Times") on a previous page, Viscount Grey said that wild ducks are monogamous and there is very highly developed domestic life and affection. Where there is no "eclipse" (a term explained in the previous quotation) the birds in his experience never separate all the year round, and where there is an "eclipse" they separate for the period of the "eclipse" only. It is said that they never re-mate after one dies, and in support of this he mentioned the case of an unpinioned pochard drake, which for ten

years never left the place. Then his mate was so badly injured by vermin that she had to be killed. For three weeks the drake flew restlessly from pond to pond and then disappeared, apparently on an endless search for the mate he had lost. Wild birds attracted by the presence of the others to the spot could be sufficiently tamed to come up and be fed within a week, but this was only possible within the railed sanctuary. Outside they were perfectly wild. The longest-lived bird he had known was a Chiloe widgeon drake, which he had for twenty years till it died of sheer old age.

A HAVEN OF PEACE FOR WILDFOWL: THE FALLODON SANCTUARY.

PHOTOGRAPHS (BY ALPIERI) SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY KIND PERMISSION OF VISCOUNT GREY.



SAFE FROM THE SPORTSMAN'S GUN: WILD DUCKS ON ONE OF THE NARROW STRIPS OF WATER NEAR THE LARGE LAKE IN LORD GREY'S BIRD SANCTUARY AT FALLODON.



THE DELIGHTFUL HOBBY OF THE BRITISH STATESMAN WHO SPOKE FOR THE EMPIRE ON THE EVE OF WAR: LORD GREY'S BIRD SANCTUARY AT FALLODON—A PICTURESQUE CORNER OF THE SMALL WATER.

On the ponds at Falldon Lord Grey has reared, of British surface-feeding ducks, the mallard, widgeon, pintail, gargeny, shoveller, and teal; and of British diving ducks the tufted duck, common pochard, red-crested pochard, and white-eyed pochard. The foreign species have already been enumerated on a previous page. Lord Grey's sanctuary has attracted many rare visitors never before seen in that district—a fact that shows, he points out, how many of the birds considered rare are continually passing over. These wild creatures which, from

time to time, come to join the habitués of the sanctuary, soon grow comparatively tame. "There is a sort of romance," said Lord Grey in his address at Berwick, "in having birds like these come to one's hand to be fed, though they are always free to go north or south as the seasons call them. It is delightful to be able to live on such intimate terms with wild things, which are under no control, are naturally very shy, and can only be won by obtaining their confidence and trust."

A FAMOUS STATESMAN'S BIRD SANCTUARY: THE LAKE AT FALLODON.

PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN (BY ALFIERI) FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY KIND PERMISSION OF VISCOUNT GREY OF FALLODON.



WHERE LORD GREY HAS PRESERVED A SANCTUARY FOR WILD WATERFOWL FOR THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS:
THE LARGE LAKE AT FALLODON, SHOWING THE ISLAND.



ANOTHER VIEW OF LORD GREY'S SANCTUARY FOR WATERFOWL AT FALLODON: THE LARGE LAKE
AS SEEN FROM THE WOODEN SHELTER OVER A STREAM THAT FEEDS IT.

In the course of his presidential address to the Berwickshire Naturalist Association (already quoted on a previous page), Viscount Grey related many interesting facts about waterfowl, which, he said, probably could not be found in books, and were obtained by first-hand personal observation. Among other birds he mentioned the versicolor teal, which, he believed, had been bred at no other place in this country than Falloдон, and it died out there under peculiar circumstances. At one time he had ten birds, but six proved to be drakes. He was left with three

pairs, one of which he exchanged for another rare species. The duck of another pair died, and the other pair were killed by foxes, leaving him with five drakes. Two he sent to the Zoological Gardens and another he sent to Kew to be mated with a female there, but in the next air raid the female was killed by a piece of our own shrapnel. The two others died because during the war it was impossible to buy proper food for them. Even the humble waterfowl, it thus appears, was among the victims of German aggression!



GOD SPEED TO OUR PRINCE!

AFTER THE PICTURE BY SWAINE.

A CITY ON THE BRINK OF AN ABYSS: THE PRIDE OF ALGERIA.

FROM THE DRAWING BY MAJOR GORDON HOME.



SHOWING THE PERILOUS TRACK ALONG THE OPPOSITE CLIFF-SIDE: CONSTANTINE, ONCE THE STRONGHOLD OF NUMIDIAN KINGS, SEEN FROM ABOVE THE GORGE

The ancient city of Constantine, in Algeria, whose spectacular position on a lofty limestone crag makes it one of the wonders of the world, has lately become a subject of topical interest in connection with its unique war memorial (described on the opposite page) to celebrate the deeds of the French Algerian troops in the Great War. "The awe-inspiring ravine," writes Major Gordon Home, "which severs the site of the town from the adjoining hillside and the cliff of Sidi M'Sid, can be explored from end to end by following a track

which becomes, after traversing half the distance, a very frail and much too rusty iron grating with an unsteady handrail. Beneath rushes the River Rhumel—a splendid sight after winter rain or melting snow. (As seen in the drawing on the opposite page, it issues from the lower end of the gorge in a cataract.) Before the Roman occupation Constantine was known as Cirta, the almost impregnable fortress-city of the kings of Numidia." It was re-named after Constantine the Great, who restored it.—[Drawing Copyrighted in the U.S. and Canada.]

TO HONOUR ALGERIANS: CONSTANTINE'S UNIQUE WAR MEMORIAL.

DRAWING AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY MAJOR GORDON HOME.



TO FORM CONSTANTINE'S WAR MEMORIAL: AN ENLARGED REPLICA OF A ROMAN FIGURE OF "VICTORY."

IN a moment of inspiration," writes Major Gordon Home, "the town of Constantine in Algeria decided to perpetuate the victory of the Allies in 1918 in a unique fashion. The exquisite little Roman bronze figure of Victory, which has been kept in a glass case in a museum since its discovery a few years before the war, has been reproduced on a very much larger scale, and is shortly to be placed upon a column in the chief square of the town. This fine site is known as the Place de la Brèche, from its having been made at the western end of the town where, in 1837, the French troops breached and stormed the defences. It is scarcely surprising, on seeing the extraordinary natural strength of the place, to learn that the French forces sent to take Constantine in 1836 failed at first, though, had the attack been pressed one more day, the Arabs would have capitulated. It is an interesting fact that there is still living in the town an old Arab who formed one of the garrison eighty-four years ago. The bronze figure is so beautifully proportioned, and its poise and the position of the wings are so perfect, that from every point of view it is full of a grace and charm which arrests the attention at the first glance. Even familiarity does not dull the edge of one's pleasure in looking at this triumph of art, and the "place" of Constantine will be adorned with as beautiful a piece of sculpture as any town possesses. Besides this column of Victory, there is to be erected on the summit of the cliff known as Sidi M'Sid, which towers above the town (and appears in both the drawings reproduced here), a triumphal arch to the memory of those Algerians of the Department of Constantine

[Continued below.]



ANCIENT ART FOR A MODERN MONUMENT: AN ENLARGEMENT OF A BRONZE "VICTORY" FOUND AT CONSTANTINE.



STORMED BY THE FRENCH IN 1837, AND NOW TO COMMEMORATE THE HEROISM OF ALGERIANS WHO FELL FOR FRANCE IN THE GREAT WAR: CONSTANTINE—THE MOUTH OF THE GORGE.

Continued.]

who gave their lives for the cause of the Allies in the European War. Among the feats performed by the Algerian troops, one of the most important was the counter-attack they delivered on the Villers-Bretonneux plateau in April 1918, when the Germans made their last attempt to reach Amiens. The British divisions which had received the onslaught had been pushed back, and the 58th had lost some guns, but the counter-attack was delivered with such

wonderful 'élan' that before the enemy had had time to touch the guns they had taken, they were again in British hands. For such work as this the French found the Algerians of the greatest value, and British visitors to Constantine have occasion to look with some gratitude upon the war memorials of the ancient town." In the 2nd century B.C. Constantine (then called Cirta) was the stronghold of Jugurtha, whom the Romans conquered.

BOOKS OF THE DAY

By J. D. SYMON.

ALTHOUGH the soldier is supposed to hold the mere scribe in some suspicion, the warrior has, oftener than not, a happy way with him when he chooses to exchange the sword for the pen. He is sure of his audience, because he never writes unless he has something to say. His matter begets his manner, and the manner is usually that of good talk round a fireside, the sort of thing Goldsmith heard in Auburn when the veteran "shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won." In full-dress military history the soldier-author needs no certificate of merit; but he is most attractive in personal reminiscences, often of a minor kind, like those endless good stories of campaigning that lie buried in the files of the *United Service Journal*, or in the reminiscences of happy-go-lucky writers like Grattan, the rollicking memorialist of the Connaught Rangers. To read him is to understand how little the Peninsular scenes in "Charles O'Malley" owe to Lever's imagination. Here you have Wellington's young men in their habit as they lived—eating, drinking, and being merry, for to-morrow, perchance, they died. They were very like their successors, except that their wit was less polished and ran to seed in atrocious puns, so primitive that even Theodore Hook would have disowned them.

For the sentimental adventure, Grattan must yield place to Sir Harry Smith, whose *Autobiography* contains the most wonderful love-story of the Peninsular campaigns—that meeting of Smith's, in sacked Badajoz, with the Señorita Juana Maria de los Dolores de Leon, who was to become Lady Smith and godmother of a South African town, equally famous in war. That amorous passage of arms should be read also in Kincaid's "Reminiscences of the Rifle Brigade," for Kincaid, too, fell a victim to Juana's eyes; but, he confesses, "I never told my love, and meanwhile a more impudent fellow stepped in and won her." The "more impudent fellow" had the excellent humour to quote his comrade's phrase in his own account of the affair. These old volumes of personalia contain endless good sport for the bookish Jack Horner, who cannot put in his thumb without pulling out a plum of odd information or entertainment. Captain Landman of Fane's Light Brigade tells the droll story of the first British shot fired in the Peninsula, and how it hurt a friend, not an enemy; and to the same writer's humour we owe "The Ghost of Lieutenant Hunter," a true story, as complete as any well-constructed piece of "spoof" fiction. For another "ghost," a Crimean one this time, refer to Lascelles Wraxall's "Camp Life," a very minor, but amusing, personal record of a volunteer's service before Sebastopol. The book, I fear, has long been a candidate for the twopenny box. Very often, the soldier's smaller personal reminiscence has provided a good milch cow of controversy, like Gurwood's claim to have captured, with his own hand, the Governor of Ciudad Rodrigo. The dispute about that feat reverberated into the 'Forties of last century.

To the attraction of personal military records for clerical and legal writers literature owes much. Swift thought it worth while to preserve and edit the *Autobiography* of that strange swashbuckler and persecutor, Captain John Creighton; and Scott, always a soldier at heart, gave Sir James Turner's "Memoirs" and Monro's "Expedition" and "Observations" a fresh claim to consideration by finding in them characteristics and even actual utterances for Ritt-master Dugald Dalgetty. Recollections of the military life, reacting on the imagination of a worldly cleric who was born and brought up in the 34th Foot, gave us those two other inestimable soldiers of fiction, Captain Shandy and Corporal Trim. And to the more chaste pages of the

Rev. Dr. Gleig the world owes a huge fund of Army anecdote and information on side issues of the soldier's calling.

These random and unverified references to disorderly reading, jotted down far from my books amid the jolting of the Scotch express (in an illegible hand that will, I fear, give the printer good cause to use language such as my Uncle Toby attributed to our armies in Flanders), were

us," and may now turn as happily to our Xenophon as to our Kinglake, or take up Arrian's Alexander in India as readily as Lord Roberts's "Forty-One Years," but to-day my vote is cast for Mr. James Milne's capital novel of Deeside, "THE BLACK COLONEL" (The Bodley Head; 7s.), a story founded on local traditions of the famous Jacobite outlaw, Colonel Jock Farquharson of Inverey.

Only one private in the British Army has managed to find the baton in his knapsack, and he, Sir William Robertson, has now told us how it was done in "FROM PRIVATE TO FIELD-MARSHAL" (Constable; 21s.), a plain tale of indomitable perseverance and that infinite capacity for taking pains which may or may not be genius. The opening chapters are a Barrack-Room Ballad in prose. Sir William describes the soldier's life in 1877, when the ranks had small consideration and few or no comforts. He confesses his three "crimes," summarised by his C.O. thus: "First you allow a man to escape; then you allow a horse to escape; now you allow both a horse and a man to break loose. You are severely reprimanded." None of these heinous offences stand against him to-day in his official record, for the defaulter's book containing the list was either lost or wilfully destroyed. The F.M. reviews his career as private and N.C.O. with a quietly humorous but critical eye on the old system, which he contrasts with the improvements he noted at Aldershot when he went back there as Brigadier-General, General Staff, in 1907. Thirty-three years after his enlistment, Robertson became Commandant of the Staff College—perhaps his most significant appointment, for it was to his dogged pursuit of education that he owed his success. While still a subaltern he mastered six Oriental languages, which brought him a post in the Intelligence, and "Intelligence" in a double sense made him. In Staff College lectures he constantly directed his students' attention to "our most probable and formidable enemy," a euphemism designed to avoid offence, but to leave no doubt as to the reference. It gave a point to teaching that proved its usefulness on a later day. Sir William's account of his day's work during the Great War, though first of all personal, forms a remarkable footnote to history, brilliantly clear in its outlines. In a last word he urges statesmen to give military history more systematic study.

A side operation of the war has been recorded by Brigadier-General R. E. H. Dyer in "THE RAIDERS OF THE SARHAD" (Witherby; 15s.). The writer describes "a campaign of arms and bluff" which he conducted against the Brigands of the Baluchi-Persian Border in 1916. His object was to teach a troublesome people a lesson, and thereafter to win them back to our side and appoint them doorkeepers of the Baluchistan frontier. It was one of those small but important affairs that the British officer knows so well how to conduct; and, although General Dyer's little force was greatly outnumbered, he gained his point by skill and tact. It is a story of personal adventure to put beside Sir George Robertson's memorable little epic of Chitral. The last book of the four in hand is "THE EAST AFRICAN FORCE" (Witherby; 16s.), by Brigadier-General C. P. Fendall, the first authoritative detailed account of the protracted struggle for German East Africa. It was an affair that was at first looked upon as a walk-over and in the end proved most arduous. In a clear and thrilling story, Brigadier-General Fendall gives full force to the difficulties of Equatorial warfare.



A LITERARY SHRINE OF PARIS: THE TOMB OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF AT THE ENTRANCE OF THE PASSY CEMETERY.

suggested by four silent companions of travel that have whiled away the parasangs very pleasantly. Mention of "parasangs," by the way, recalls a very eminent and fascinating military writer, who shares with Cæsar the disadvantage



A TRIBUTE TO A MASTERPIECE OF SELF-REVELATION: A CORNER OF MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF'S STUDIO RECONSTRUCTED IN HER TOMB.

The famous "Journal" of Marie Bashkirtseff appeared in 1887, a year after her death in Paris, from consumption, at the age of twenty-four, and established her fame among the great diarists. A recent reprint has caused a revival of pilgrimage to her elaborate tomb in the cemetery of Passy, but it shows signs of dilapidation, and there is anxiety as to its upkeep. In the reconstructed studio are seen (extreme left) her palette hung on the wall; (background) a large unfinished panel; (right) a marble bust of her; and (next to it, in black frame) Gustave Courtois's portrait of her on her death-bed. Marie Bashkirtseff was born of wealthy parents at Poltava, in Russia, in 1860, and began her diary at the age of thirteen. Her charm and artistic gifts won her reputation in Parisian society. Her picture, the "Meeting," was hung in the Salon of 1884, and is now in the Luxembourg.

of too early acquaintance and painful association, prejudicial to proper esteem. Perhaps, in later life we have "reformed that indifferently with

SANDRINGHAM FROM THE AIR: QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S COUNTRY HOME.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AEROFILMS, LTD.



BUILT BY KING EDWARD WHEN PRINCE OF WALES: SANDRINGHAM HOUSE, WHICH IS NOW THE COUNTRY RESIDENCE OF QUEEN ALEXANDRA—A VIEW TAKEN FROM AN AEROPLANE.



SHOWING (IN THE FOREGROUND) THE TOWER OF THE VILLAGE CHURCH NESTLING AMONG THE TREES: A MORE DISTANT AIR VIEW OF SANDRINGHAM AND ITS BEAUTIFUL WOODS, WITH THE NORFOLK LANDSCAPE BEYOND.

The King and Queen, with Princess Mary, left London for York Cottage, Sandringham, by special train, on October 14, breaking their journey at Cambridge to inspect the new National Institute of Agricultural Botany (illustrated on another page). Their Majesties have arranged to return to town, for one night, on the 25th, to say good-bye to the Prince of Wales, who leaves for India on the following day.

Sandringham House, now the country home of Queen Alexandra, was built by King Edward (then Prince of Wales) in 1870. He had bought the estate, which covers 7000 acres, in 1862, and it was always a favourite place of residence with him. Sandringham lies about eight miles north-east of King's Lynn. The Queen of Norway recently went there on a visit to her mother.

"CHU CHIN CHOW'S" SUCCESSOR: SPECTACULAR

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL



1. THE OPENING AND CLOSING SCENE OF THE PLAY: "THE GATES OF CAIRO."

3. PILGRIMS ON THE WAY TO MECCA, AT EVENING PRAYER: "THE ENCAMPMENT BY THE NILE."

"Cairo," the long-heralded successor of "Chu Chin Chow," at His Majesty's Theatre, was produced by Mr. Oscar Asche on Saturday, October 15. Described officially as "a mosaic in music and mime"—the "mime" by Oscar Asche, who played the part of Ali Shar, a wrestler, and the music by Percy Fletcher—it proved to be a succession of gorgeous stage pictures representing life in Egypt in some bygone day. In designing and painting these exquisite scenes, Messrs. Joseph and Phil Barker have surpassed themselves for richness of colouring and beauty of effect. The scheme of decoration was supervised by Miss Lily Brayton, who appears as the wrestler's daughter. The full set of scenes is as follows: in the 1st Act, (1) The Gates of Cairo; (2) Ali Shar's Dwelling;

SCENES FROM "CAIRO," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

ARTIST, CECIL KING.



2. THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE GREAT ORGY SCENE IN ACT II: "AN OLD EGYPTIAN PALACE."

4. WITH MEN SLAVES INSTEAD OF WOMEN (AS IN "CHU CHIN CHOW"): "THE SLAVE MARKET."

(3) The Palace Gardens (Evening); (4) Wei San Wei's Gaming House; (5) The Sultan's Garden. In the 2nd Act: (1) The Encampment by the Nile; (2) Prince Nasr-el-Din's Harem; (3) An old Egyptian Palace. In the 3rd Act: (1) The Slave Market; (2) Wei San Wei's House; (3) The Ruined Mosque of Askabar; (4) Another Part of the Ruined Mosque; (5) The Gates of Cairo. It occurs to us to ask, by the way, why the building in Scenes 3 and 4 of Act III. should be called a "mosque" when its appearance suggests an ancient Egyptian temple? The culminating spectacle is the great "orgy" scene at the end of the second act. In the Slave Market scene, unlike that in "Chu Chia Chow," the slaves are men instead of women.—(Drawing Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)



The World of the Theatre



By J. T. GREIN.

THE Boo, the Queue, and the Chew have taken the coveted place of the out-of-date seaserpent in the Press during this prolonged Indian summer, and it is a glad record that the more or less desultory correspondence on the three subjects has produced more common-sense than usual.

The Boo Question was tentatively and delicately settled a week or so ago at the Shaftesbury Theatre, when that lamentable product of Belasco, "Timothy," came to grief. In deference, perhaps, to Mr. Cyril Maude (whom the gods like), an evening full of laughter where tears were intended was "elegantly," as the Americans put it, wound up in dead silence.

Even the orchestra dared not interfere with the awe of the funeral, and very long after the curtain's fall invoked the usual blessing of the National Anthem in a few timid bars. Then the theatre emptied quickly, and people whispered, "One week," which was as exact a forecast as Old Moore's annual prophecy.

We all admired the gallery for this restraint: they, like all of us, had been horribly bored and wildly amused. If they had booed, no one could have blamed them; yet they preferred the shrieks of silence, and it was as eloquent as it was decorous. So that question was practically settled, and next day the correspondence on booing died frostbitten.

Anent the Queue there is still division, but the majority is wisely in favour of abolition. It is one of the die-hards of insularity. It exists nowhere else. It is an incubus, an impost, and a relic of torture. It serves no useful purpose except that it tires out hard-worked people (and loiterers who have nothing else to do), and may fill the hospitals when the weather is bad. According to a legal luminary with whom I discussed the question, police and tradesmen could make short work of the nuisance. No one has a right to impede the traffic; no one the right to hamper another man's trade. A summons might settle it once and for all, and then we could fall into line with the Continental theatres, where every gallery seat is bookable long in advance. The old argument that working people are never quite sure of their leisure hours, and that the queue is their opportunity to see a play, will not hold water, since the eight hours' day is universal. The whole community has plenty of time for amusement nowadays. And, in the extreme case that a ticket could not be used on the day for which it is purchased, there is always a ready market in the evening. There remains the vexed point of speculation in tickets, and that is one for the box-office to solve. If it became a practice, the man at the window would soon know his customers—everybody knows them abroad—and could act at his discretion. But, even if the outside ticket-tout became an institution, are not a few pence extra well spent to avoid wasted hours, health, and temper, and the doles to itinerant musicians and clowns who inflict themselves upon the Queueers?

As for the "Chew"—the question of smoking in theatres—I think that Mr. Robert Atkins, the producer of the "Old Vic.," hits the nail on the head when he expresses his regret that there should be tobacco tolerance in theatres where dramatic art is seriously cultivated. Somehow, its clouds and the lighting of matches blur stage-effects and attention; whereas in the variety theatres smoking acts as a pleasant stimulant to the spirit of sheer amusement.

Talking of Mr. Robert Atkins, Miss Baylis's commander-in-chief at the Old Vic., I would not miss the opportunity to pay him homage for the excellent work he is doing at the Shakespearean shrine. With modest means he achieves great results, and his producing instinct is so intense that he sometimes obtains a lasting impression by the simplest devices. When we saw "Richard II." recently, we all asked ourselves: "How will he



THIEVISH, BUT OTHERWISE VIRTUOUS: "THE HOTEL MOUSE"—MISS DOROTHY MINTO IN THE NAME-PART AT THE QUEEN'S THEATRE.

Mauricette, the "Hotel Mouse," is addicted to larceny, but is scandalised when a young Englishman who catches her at it in a Nice hotel tries to exact a penalty in kisses. However, she uses her skill to save him from an intrigue, and, in the end, wins his heart.—[Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.]

show the lists-scene, unforgettable in Sir Herbert's setting at His Majesty's?" And behold! with a little tent, a few curtains, a back-cloth—there was the picture so complete that there was no need for mental adornment. The *multum in parvo* triumphed with a vengeance. True, the acting

Mr. Ernest Meads, a Northumberland dignified and impressive. Among the women, Miss Esther Whitehouse made a lovable, youthful Queen; Miss Jane Bacon a forcible Duchess of Gloucester; and Miss Florence Buckton's grief as the sorrowing Duchess of York had a heart tone which was moving. Mr. Ernest Milton was the Richard; and such was the enthusiasm that greeted him time after time that, if it had been on this side of the water, it would have meant a red-letter day in his career. It is Mr. Milton's great quality that his diction is clear as crystal; there may be here and there an inflection of his American birth, but his every word stands. There is no slurring nor mouthing; he rings out his lines. But there was more than that. He saw a Richard of his own conception. So he became a pathetic figure, pitiful in his regalia, tragic in his downfall and end. A fine performance withal, heralding great promise of another "Richard"—most interesting of all—which is "the Third."

There are three items in the Chauve-Souris programme which stand out above the art of the cabaret. One is the Wooden Soldiers' rare blend of humour and human mechanism; the next, "Katinka," the melodiously strident revolt of the wealthy peasant daughter of yesteryear's Russia; the third and foremost, the even-song of the Tsar's Black Hussars in the dimly lighted mess-room, with champagne corks ominously simulating the coming crash of destruction. Of its kind it is unique—in picture, word, and tunes. It struck me as a "Hymn of Fate," presaging the downfall, chanting the devotion unto death of the faithful. The rest of the programme was more of the ordinary revue genre, sometimes baroque, sometimes very pretty. The leader's antics are quaint enough in their way; M. Balieff is undoubtedly a humourist, but to compare him to our regretted genius, Pelissier, who made the Follies—the artists as well as the best of their songs—is exaggeration. Pelissier was all spontaneity; Balieff, with his amusingly execrable English, awakens a little suspicion that all his quips and oddities are more or less prepared. Has he not done the same thing in Paris in hotch-potch French of the same pattern? Frankly, I found his harangues—twelve of them all told—in the long run a little wearisome, and infinitely preferred Balieff the producer to his *alter ego* the introducer.

However cleverly done by Miss F. T. Jesse and Mr. H. M. Harwood, I fear that "The Hotel Mouse" was scarcely an equivalent to the French play from which it was adapted. It was like an

overcoat turned and dyed—neither a good fit nor a true colour. Those who know the French play and saw it acted in Paris could mentally supplement what the play and the chief player failed to give—piquancy and refined *gaminerie*. As the Mouse, Miss Dorothy Minto was clever enough in her usual vein, but all too obviously a Cockney wench instead of a veneered little Apache. Excellent performances were given by Mr. Holman Clark, Mr. Henry Kendall, Mr. G. de Warfaz, and Miss Muriel Pratt; and the last act saved the situation because it contained a surprise



A MESMERIC "THRILL" AT THE LITTLE THEATRE: (L. TO R.) MR. GEORGE BEALBY AS M. LAUZIER, MISS BARBARA COTT AS MME. LAUZIER, MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE AS MME. JEANNE CHABRIN, AND MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN AS DR. DENAVE, IN "THE UNSEEN."

"The Unseen," one of the new "thrillers" at London's Grand Guignol, the Little Theatre, is a two-act drama adapted by Lewis Casson from the French of J. J. Renaud. Miss Sybil Thorndike's part is that of a wife who is happy in the belief that she is in communion with her dead husband's spirit. When a doctor mesmerises her out of the idea, she goes mad.

Photograph Specially Taken for "The Illustrated London News" by Walter Benington.

was capital. Mr. Rupert Harvey was a splendid Hereford, martial from top to toe—a figure of steel, not merely in armour, but in demeanour; Mr. Douglas Hutchison, a splendid Percy; and

akin to that in "The Sign on the Door." In the matter of technique the French are still past-masters, and know how to make plausible mountains out of incredible molehills.

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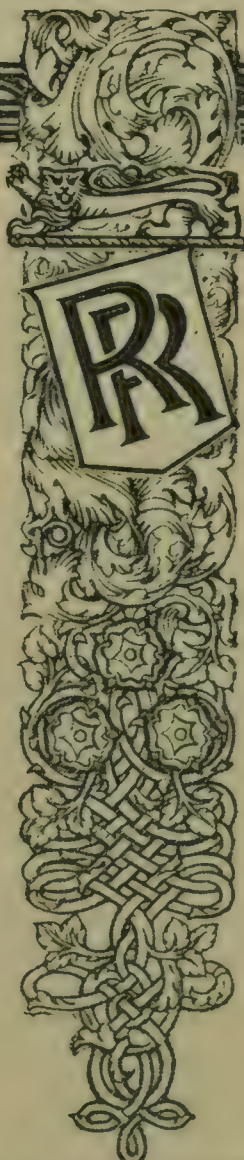
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"CAIRO." AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

THOSE playgoers who attended the *première* of "Cairo" fearful of its proving to be "Chu Chin Chow" all over again must have been agreeably disappointed, for, save that both are decked out

with gorgeous pictures of the East, the two productions have next to nothing in common; while even on the spectacular side Mr. Oscar Asche has in "Cairo" gone one better than before. "Chu Chin Chow" re-told a pantomime fable, the barbaric fantasy of which was continually relieved by a ripple of light music and sprightly melodies. "Cairo" is at once a more grandiose and more exciting affair; its plot is a succession of episodes of melodrama—intrigues, conspiracies, attempted assassinations, and other scenes

A CHARMING DÉBUTANTE, FOR WHOM HER PARENTS RECENTLY GAVE A COMING-OUT DANCE AT THE HYDE PARK HOTEL: MISS ENID BURBIDGE.

Miss Enid Burbidge, the eldest of the three daughters of Sir Woodman and Lady Burbidge, was born in 1902. Her only brother, Capt. Richard Burbidge, served in the war, and was present at the battles of Festubert, Givenchy, and Loos.

of violence; its score—Mr. Percy Fletcher's—is less tuneful and more in the Grand Opera manner; its colours, its groupings, its pictorial effects are on a scale only to be called colossal. Why attempt to unravel the details of Mr. Asche's rather complicated plot? There is a young Sultan in the story who has vanquished a Pretender, and falls in love with the beautiful daughter of a wrestler just arrived in Cairo with a group of strolling players at the moment the monarch is celebrating his victory. There is a Princess whose infant son is slain by the orders, as she thinks, of the Sultan, but really of the

Pretender-villain, and therefore she plans vengeance on the Sultan, and drags Ali Shar, the wrestler, into the plot, with the result that he is condemned by way of penance to make pilgrimage to Mecca; and the real villain only gets his deserts after a further series of adventures. Good as is the acting and stirring as is the play, "Cairo" is going to draw all London to His Majesty's by reason of its spectacular splendours, and these baffle description.

"ARAMINTA ARRIVES." AT THE COMEDY.

What the joint authors of "Araminta Arrives," Mr. J. C. Snaith and Miss Dorothy Brandon, meant to provide in their piece apparently was comedy of the artificial type with a Victorian setting, and perhaps that is why they borrowed the figure of Miss Prue from Congreve's "Love for Love," or used her at any rate as model for their Araminta. But comedy, however artificial, calls for some march of events, some exposition and development of character: this play of Miss Brandon and her colleague's is really a farce in which nothing happens; in which the puppets leave us very much as we found them, and tell us little more about themselves than at their first entry. Araminta, the impossibly stupid country beauty whom her grand-aunt summons from a rectory (if you please) and vainly tries to marry off into the peerage, bumbles nonsense, whines fidelity to her artist lover, and gobbles down cream-buns with monotonous insistence from start to finish. The tyrannical old Countess begins by being amusing as she bobs her head through the bed-curtains to rap out this or that sarcasm, but is no less *semper eadem*; and as for the fat Duke and the posturing Earl who peppers his talk with epigrams, any novelty in their eccentricities is soon exhausted, and one cares little with which of the two Araminta pairs off. There is better acting at the Comedy than the play deserves.

THE NEW GRAND GUIGNOL BILL AT THE LITTLE.

It will depend on your taste which you will like best out of the new Grand Guignol playlets;

the critics have quaintly differed in their selections. But two pieces out of the five ought to stand a fair chance, one or the other, of claiming your preference. One is "The Unseen," of Mr. Lewis Casson's adapting. Here a wife has seen her husband brutally murdered—seen the crime by second sight, and the result of the shock she has sustained is a sort of dream-state, in which she feels in close touch with her dead mate, and is correspondingly happy. Her parents cannot let well alone, and get a doctor to effect a "supposed" cure. His use of hypnotism destroys her contact with the "unseen," and in her now complete bereavement she goes mad. The other play, "E. and O.E.," by E. Crawshaw Williams, is a grim farce dealing with wills and corpses. A dead man's body is bundled into a cupboard in order that his substitute may dictate a will; the substitute startles his confederates by the provisions he dictates, there are altercations, and out of the cupboard tumbles the corpse to startle the lawyer. As heroine of "The Unseen," Miss Sybil Thorndike rides through the gamut of emotions with marvellous virtuosity.



WITH A "BREAK" OF TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF WEDLOCK TO THEIR CREDIT: SIR WOODMAN AND LADY BURBIDGE, WHO RECENTLY CELEBRATED THEIR SILVER WEDDING, PLAYING BILLIARDS AT THEIR TOWN FLAT.

Sir Woodman and Lady Burbidge recently entertained their guests at the Hyde Park Hotel on the occasion of their Silver Wedding. Sir Woodman Burbidge succeeded his father, the late Sir Richard Burbidge, in the baronetcy and as Managing-Director of Harrods, in 1917. His marriage to Miss Catherine Grant took place in 1896.—[Photograph by Alfieri.]

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LADIES' NEWS.

LONDON is all ready for its autumn season; the Court will soon be back at the Palace, and their Majesties will resume public engagements. Next week we lose from our midst the most popular young man in the United Kingdom; no sooner will he have sailed than we shall begin to look forward to his return. It is, indeed, on the spring of next year that many hopes are fixed. This present season cannot be very bright, because everyone, from the King down, is troubled greatly about the suffering inflicted by lack of work. It will, however, be a full season, and people are glad that there is to be possibility of cheery theatre and opera suppers. No one more glad than the theatrical managers themselves, for their takings were lowered by the dull prospect of having to go direct home and to bed after the play.

There is much coming and going in London just now, as the country-house season is in full swing. Bond Street is often quite lively, and some well-known people stroll daily in the Park. Dress is charming, and quite free from exaggeration; skirts neither very short nor very long are flared a good deal at the side, and are of soft, beautifully hanging material. Heavy furs have not been brought out yet, but the smaller ones are eminently becoming. Silver foxes, slung like a Hussar jacket, remain in favour, and are very smart. The price is, of course, high as it always will be for all fine furs. Skunk dressed as it is nowadays, softly and silkily, is worthy of a prettier name; even with its own it is in much favour. Astrakhan is being pushed by fashion creators, and is very charming dressed as quite a soft fur. I do not think that English women will care for the dyed astrakhan; they have never taken kindly to green carnations, blue roses, and other colour freaks. Doubtless some blue and purple and perhaps green astrakhan will be seen, but not enough to make a fashion. Those who have a reputation for dressing well, like Lady Patricia Ramsay, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, the Duchess of Sutherland, Madame Balsan (long known as the Duchess of Marlborough), Countess Curzon, Viscountess Althorp, the Countess of Pembroke, the Marchioness of Blandford, and quite a score more, never wear conspicuous clothes or colours. The latter may be supplied by touches such as a carved coral waist belt with a russet velours-de-laine gown, a set of cut red amber beads, with a maroon coat frock of thick crêpe-de-Chine, old ivory belts in carved medallions, with an aquamarine soft silk dress; such little touches remain in great favour and are now extended to hats,

where as ornaments they look remarkably well if they give no suggestion of heaviness.

Lacquer colourings are in great favour now. This is especially the case with tea and rest gowns. These are the times of cosy afternoons in lovely rooms. The light leaves us early, and the kindly services of



A BLACK AND SILVER EVENING DRESS.

The sombreness of all black is relieved by the elaborate silver embroidery with which this whole dress is covered, and makes it sparkle with the beauty of a June night.—[Photograph by Talma.]

charmingly shaded electroliers or standards are called in. Lacquer green, lacquer red, terra-cotta lacquer and black lacquer shades, all with their own characteristic decorative hues, are used for frocks. A soft delaine dress in red lacquer has a deep collar of black and gold embroidery, and a belt of gold and jade green. A black crêpe-de-Chine dress in long lines has a front panel of aluminium, gold and silver

brocade, and a girdle of heavy old gold bullion rope finished with deep black and gold tassels. These gowns go with lacquer furnished boudoirs and drawing-rooms, and the craze for this furniture has resulted in many such.

Queen Alexandra has once again the pleasure of the companionship, at Sandringham, of Queen Maud of Norway. The days are gone when Queen Alexandra walked across the Park from her own house to Appleton to visit her daughter, and had as companions two big borzoi hounds. These were so boisterously glad to see their mistress that the kennel man kept near until they settled down a bit. Later, when taken into Queen Maud's sanctum, the sweep of a bushy tail endangered the safety of much-prized ornaments on tables, but still, the dear dogs were seldom turned out. Queen Alexandra does not do so much walking now, and the boisterousness of her pets is quite checked. Queen Maud is never happier than in her English home, and later, Prince Olaf, now a young man, will pay a visit to the grandmother with whom he is so great a favourite.

What will be the correct style and title of last week's youthful bride and bridegroom, Mr. William Leeds and Princess Xenia, ex of Russia? I am told that they both desire to be known as Mr. and Mrs. William Leeds, but that the bridegroom's mother, so long and favourably known in English society as Mrs. William Leeds, and who is now the wife of Prince Christopher of Greece, wishes her daughter-in-law to retain her title. One can hardly think that this is correct, seeing that Russian titles are now but reminders of terrible tragedies. The young bride's father, the late Grand Duke George, was shot in Petrograd in 1919. She is a very pretty and fascinating girl, and worked hard for the Red Cross at Harrogate during the war. She lived in England all through it. With her young husband she is to travel in America for about a year.

Velvet is in for a period of very great favour. There is no fabric kinder to womanly good looks. The new crimson lake, dahlia red, and pomegranate shades are lovely, and every one of them is to be found in the wonderful range of Liberty velveteens, soft, beautiful, and far more durable than silk velvets. It is rather the smart thing to trim velvet with monkey fur in the shape of a fringe. It is more chic than pretty, but there are many other effective finishings as alternatives; one of them, bead fringe, is very smart, and can always be worked well into a good colour scheme. There is no novelty about monkey fur, it was used even as a fringe for parasols at Ascot. A. E. L.

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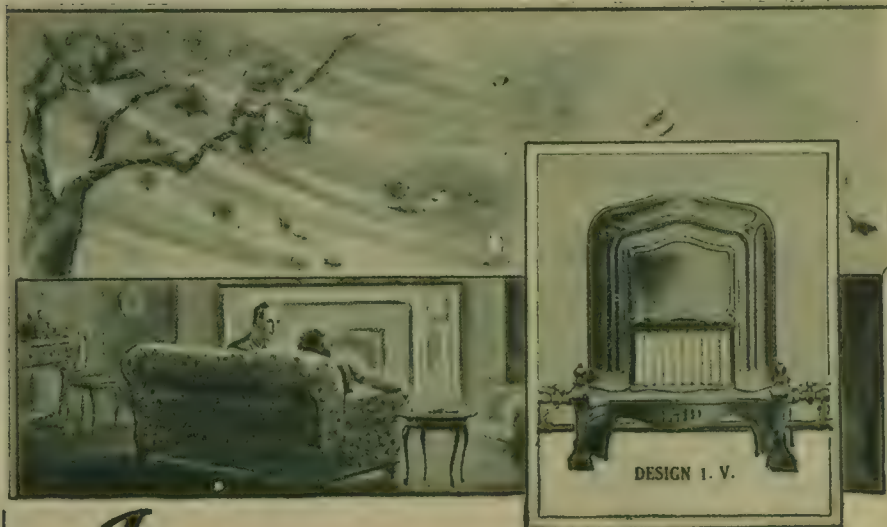
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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SOME FACTS ABOUT THE DUCK-BILLED PLATYPUS

ONE can never judge by appearances: often the most obscure-looking people prove to be important personages. And so it is with what we are pleased to call the "lower orders of Creation." Take, for instance, the duck-billed Platypus, known in the text-books of science as *Ornithorhynchus anatinus*. One can almost imagine that the sad-looking little animal thus designated was oppressed by the infliction of such a tremendous mouthful of a name; but there is really no justification for this impression. On the contrary, it probably enjoys life as much as the rest of us. A very casual peep at a "platypus" would suffice to show that it was no ordinary creature. For it displays the fur of a mole, the beak of a duck, and strange-looking webbed feet, the web of the fore-feet being remarkable for the fact that it is produced beyond the level of the claws,

in the form of a fringe. And, added to all this, it lays eggs like a bird!

To the pundits of science it is not so much the paradoxical combination of external bodily characters which gives the platypus grace in their eyes, as this matter of hatching its young from shell-bound extruded eggs, and a number of anatomical characters met with elsewhere only among the reptiles and amphibia. For the platypus is, after all, one of the mammalia. The only other mammal whose embryonic life is passed outside the body of the parent is the Echidna, or spiny ant-eater. This likewise is a native of Australia, but is found also in New Guinea. And this creature also presents the same primitive, reptilian characters. The eggs of these singular creatures are carried in a "marsupium" or pouch, comparable to that of the true marsupials such as the kangaroo. When the young emerge from the egg they are nourished, like all other mammals, on milk. This, however, is not conveyed to the mouth of the youngster by means of a teat, but oozes out from the milk glands on to the skin within the folds of the pouch, whence, apparently, it is lapped up by the youngster.

The young of the platypus—generally two in number—are not carried in the pouch, like young kangaroos, but are lodged in a nest, placed at the end of a burrow in the bank of a river. This burrow ranges from twenty to as much as fifty feet long. It is an amazing feat of tunnelling, when one comes to reflect that the forefeet of this creature are not only webbed, but, as I have already remarked, have a broad fringe of skin projecting beyond the claws. It is to be hoped that some observant naturalist will set himself the task of discovering how this burrowing is accomplished.

The platypus, as its feet clearly show, is an aquatic animal, and feeds upon small water snails and other aquatic animals. These are crushed, in the adult, by means of curious horny pads, taking the place of teeth. But a few years ago the zoological world was astonished to learn that in the young animal the jaws are armed with true teeth, and these of a very primitive

type. The horny pads speedily develop, beneath the teeth, which soon drop out, leaving depressions in the pads answering to the sockets of the teeth. There is another remarkable feature about the platypus; and



THE 100 TO 8 WINNER OF THE CESAREWITCH:
MRS. R. L. BURNLEY'S YUTOL.

The Cesarewitch provided a sensational surprise win for Yutol (by Santoi-She), which passed the post by four lengths ahead of Charleville. The favourite, Sir Abe Bailey's Tishy, which started at 100 to 1, was then hopelessly. [Photograph by N. and G.]

this is the presence of a very sharp spur on the hind foot. It is larger in the males, and it gives a very poisonous wound during the breeding season.

The echidna, anatomically so like the platypus, is yet in so many ways strikingly different. In the first place it is a land dweller, and has the mouth produced into a long, slender beak, from which is thrust a long, worm-like, sticky tongue, used for the capture of ants, which form the bulk of its food. The feet are armed with huge claws. The hind feet have a remarkable backward twist, as though the poor creature, at some period of its life, had met with a bad accident. The body, except the head, is covered with a formidable armature of thick sharp spines; and the hind limbs, as in the platypus, are armed with spurs provided with a poison gland. Like its congener the platypus, it is a burrower, and leaves its young in the terminal chamber of the burrow when it sallies forth on its nocturnal rambles for ants and worms. But the young are taken into the pouch to be suckled. They have no teeth, neither have the adults an armature of horny pads on the jaws.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



TO THE MEMORY OF "CHARLIE BERESFORD": THE TABLET TO ADMIRAL LORD BERESFORD, IN THE CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The memorial was set up by friends and admirers of Lord Beresford, and was unveiled by Lord Beatty. The inscription reads: "Charles William de la Poer Beresford, Admiral Lord Beresford, of Metemeh, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., D.C.L., LL.D. Born February 10th, 1846. Died September 6, 1919. At Alexandria 1882; on the Nile 1885. Three times Commander-in-Chief at Sea. A Member of the House of Commons for more than twenty years. A distinguished and gallant sailor, a devoted public servant, and the genial comrade of many illustrious and humble friends."

Photograph by L.N.A.

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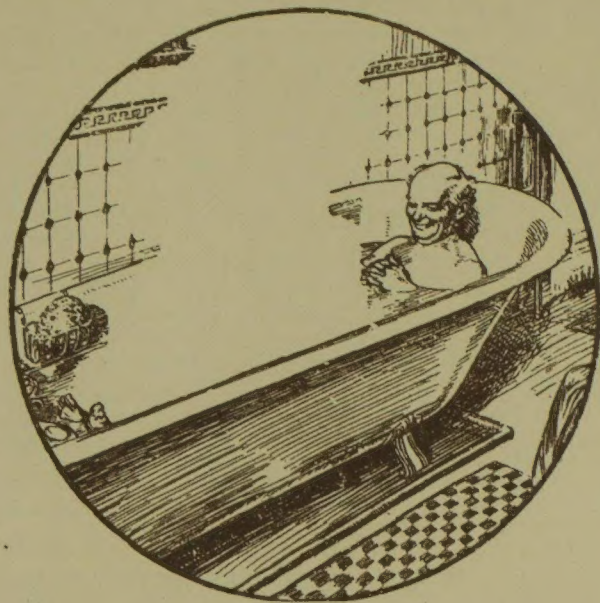
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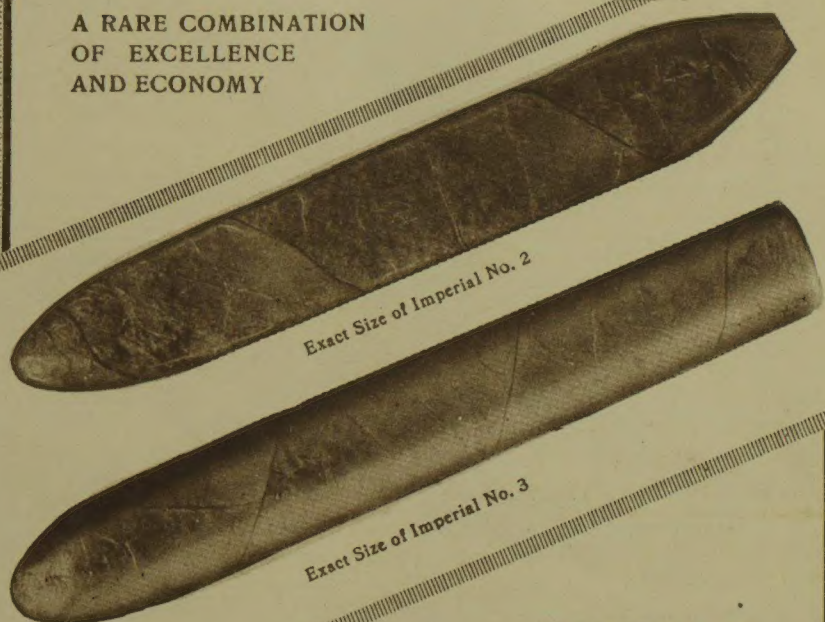
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Firms Not at Olympia.

One result of the present slump in trade is that more than one firm whose name is a household word in motoring will not be at the forthcoming Show at Olympia. The Society of Motor Manufacturers has a hard-and-fast rule that no firm which is in the hands of a receiver or is in liquidation shall be allowed to exhibit. This rule may work hardly in some cases, but it is nevertheless a salutary one in normal times, since it is certainly "up to" the Society to do what it can to protect the public against the risk of placing orders with firms in a shaky condition—orders which may never be fulfilled. In the present state of trade and industry, however, it is perhaps a little arguable whether the rule might not have been modified in favour of firms who, while subject to a receivership, are really in a fair way to continue in business, and about whose *bona fides* there can be no shadow of doubt. Take Austins as a case in point. All the world knows that there is a receivership in active being,

Show under the rule mentioned. Angus-Sandersons are another example among car-manufacturers, and there are others, both in the car and accessory departments of the trade, who will not be at Olympia through the same cause.

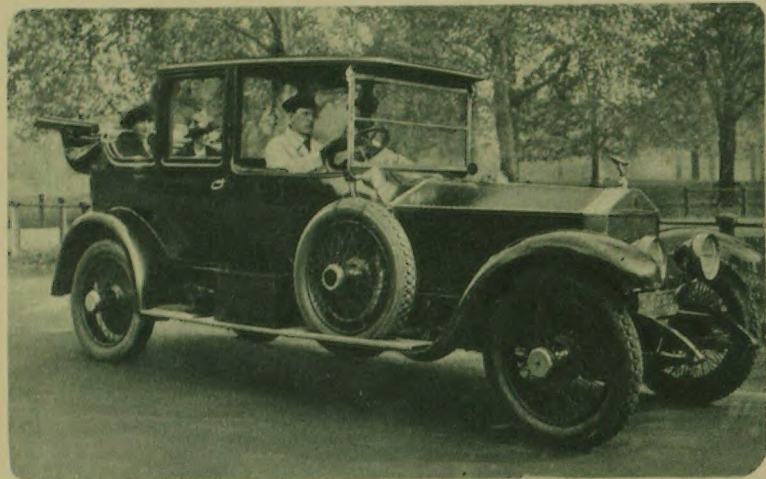
The question is eminently one of a domestic nature, to be settled by the Society of Motor Manufacturers, yet one cannot help feeling that, good as the rule may be intrinsically, it is rather a pity that firms who are really going on, and who are not in the least likely to let down their clients, should be thus absent from the Exhibition. I suppose it is inevitable in the circumstances, but it is very regrettable.

The 200-Miles Race.

To-day is the date set for the 200-miles race at Brooklands. Since last I mentioned this event, the contesting cars have been seen on the track, and one has been able to get a fair line through their performances.

I am still of opinion that the Talbot-Darracqs ought to win, but the Aston-Martins are dangerous, while the A.C. team is by no means out of the race. The finish, I should say, will most likely be a close one, and will be fought out between the two first-named teams, with the A.C.s not so very far behind. At one time the opinion ruled that the race would be won at about 76 miles an hour—which is really going for cars rated at about 11-h.p. Practice times have shown that this is a hopeless under-estimate. Already the Aston-Martin has put up a magnificent performance of well over 86 miles in the hour. The Talbot-Darracqs are said to be capable of lapping at over 90, so whoever wins will have to average between 87 and 90 miles an hour for the 200 miles. It will be a race well worth seeing, and I imagine there will be a record

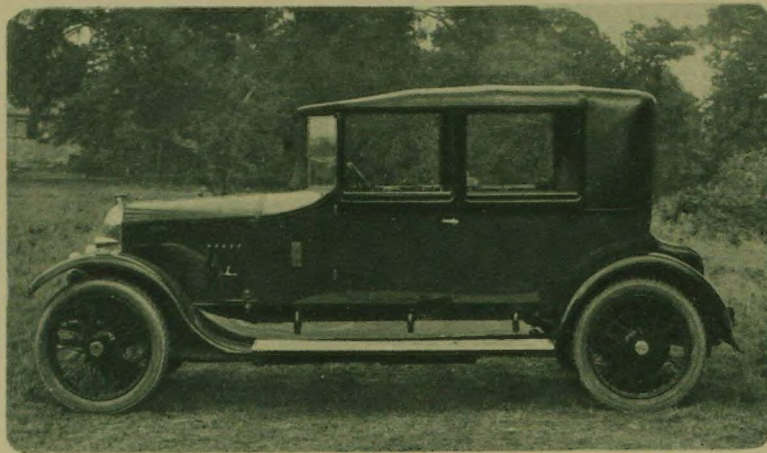
crowd at Brooklands. By the way, I do wish that people who advertise such events as this would take the trouble to get their facts right. The Junior Car Club, which is promoting the race, has issued posters describing this as the first long-distance race to be held in England. This is not so, as a moment's thought should have told the executive. There has



IN HER ROLLS-ROYCE: PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE, ON THE WAY TO BRIGHTON.

The photograph was taken during Princess Alice's journey to Brighton recently to receive purses on behalf of the Fund for the League of Mercy. The car is a Rolls-Royce of the latest model.

yet the public goes on buying Austin cars, and will continue to buy them so long as they represent the value they do. Yet Austins are excluded from the



WITH V-FRONTED CABRIOLET BODY: A 25-H.P. VAUXHALL-ARUNDEL.

been an even longer race than this—the Standard Car Race of 1912, promoted by the R.A.C. at Brooklands. This event was for stock cars of 15.9 h.p. rating, and was held over a distance of 100 laps, or approximately 270 miles, and was won by a Star car at an average speed of a little over 61 miles an hour. It is just as easy to be accurate in these matters as to make claims that have no foundation in fact.

A New Vauxhall Model.

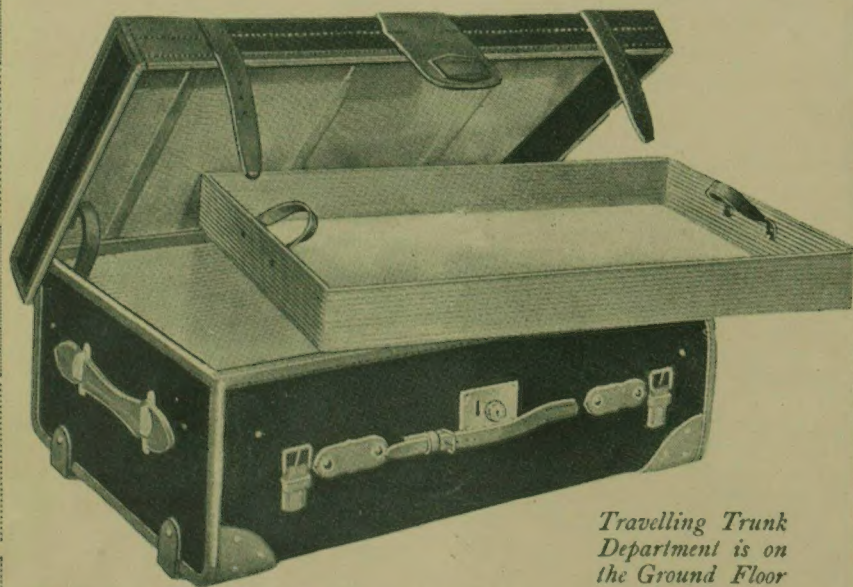
As I foreshadowed in these notes some weeks ago, Vauxhalls' are producing a new model for next year. This is in no way meant to take the place of either the 25 or the 30-98-h.p. cars, but is to be supplementary to them. It is a car of 13.9-h.p., with an engine of 75 by 130 mm. bore and stroke respectively. As a complete touring car it is to be listed at £750, and represents very good value at that price. I have not seen the car yet, but I understand it follows very closely the practice which has made the Vauxhall the famous car it is. This new model is significant of the times and the trend towards the smaller car.

W. W.

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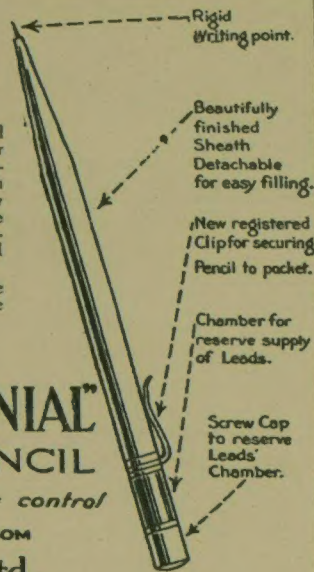
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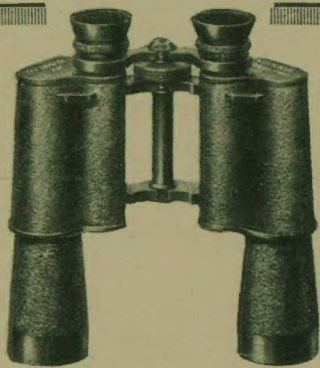
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MISCELLANEOUS.

WITH the departure of the s.s. *Orcades* from Tilbury recently, the Orient Line commenced their sailings of intermediate steamers for Australia. These vessels carry saloon passengers at special rates and third-class only. The steamers proceed direct from



WHY SEEK HEALTH IN FOREIGN LANDS? MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH SPA FEDERATION AT ITS RECENT CONFERENCE AT DROITWICH.

The British Spa Federation aims at proving to the medical profession and the public that visits to foreign spas are no longer necessary. The Federation comprises Bath, Buxton, Cheltenham, Droitwich, Harrogate, Leamington, Llandrindod Wells, Woodhall, and New Zealand. The photograph shows the Spa Directors and Committee Chairmen of the various resorts at their bi-annual conference. The Hon. Secretary of the Federation is Mr. F. J. C. Broome, General Manager of Harrogate Spa. (Photograph by Sage, Droitwich.)

London to Naples and Port Said, and thence to Colombo and Australian ports. The time the journey takes is about the same as by mail steamer.

Reports from the various wine districts respecting this year's vintage state that the quantity of claret and burgundy will be small and the quality uneven. The summer of 1921, with its great drought and heat, has been favourable to the champagne vine, and the wine of 1921 will be of exceptional quality. Owing to the April frost, the crop will be smaller than the average. The quality of port is expected to be fine, but, owing to the lack of rain, the quantity will be small. The yield of sherry is satisfactory, and the

quality good. The yield of brandy will be less than last year, but the quality superior.

Glaring infringement of an English trade-mark has come to light in Holland. It was discovered that an Amsterdam firm of tobacco manufacturers have been producing a false series of "Greys" cigarettes. The familiar green package in which this brand is sold was copied so accurately that it might well have escaped detection but for the fact that, in the printed list of campaigns in which the famous Scots Greys Regiment has achieved renown, the battle of Tchernia was mis-spelt. The mistake was detected by an agent of Messrs. Major Drapkin and Co. (makers of the "Greys" cigarettes) in Holland, and proceedings were at once instituted. Those responsible for the issue of the spurious brand were arrested, and their stock confiscated. The case will shortly come up for hearing in Amsterdam.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.

J. WATTS (Upper Deal).—There appears to be a second solution to Mr. Fisher's problem by 1. Q to K 6th (ch), etc.

R. F. MORRIS (Sherbrooke, Canada).—The solutions were credited before our attention was called to the error in No. 3862. They are, of course, practically cancelled.

E. BOSWELL (Lancaster).—Your problem admits of a mate in two by 1. Kt to Kt 4th (dis. ch), etc.

R. PRESTON DAVIS (Terre Haute, Indiana).—Your problem is correct; but if Black play K to B 5th, there is a damaging dual by P to Q 3rd, or Q 4th (dis. ch), etc.

SYED SHAHPUDDIN (Dacca).—Problems received, with thanks.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3864 received from S. A. H. (Benoni, South Africa); of No. 3865 from Senex, Rev. Armand Der Meares (Baltimore); R. F. MORRIS (Sherbrooke, Canada), and R. Preston Davis (Indiana); of No. 3866 from James M. K. Lupton (Richmond), G. Henderson (Govan), and Albert Larsen (Norway).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3867 received from H. W. Satow (Bangor); J. J. Duckworth (Newton-le-Willows); H. Grasett Baldwin (Farnham); G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham); G. Henderson (Govan); Arthur Elliott (Brighton); E. J. Gibbs (East Ham); John H. Robinson (Walsall); J. C. Stackhouse (Torquay), and Albert Taylor (Sheffield).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3866.—BY O. H. LABONE.

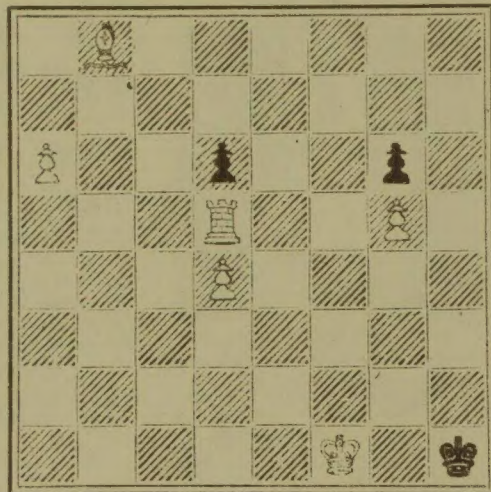
WHITE. 1. R to R 6th. 2. P to B 8th (Q). 3. R to Q 4th, mate. BLACK. Kt to B 3rd. Kt to K 4th. If 1. B to B 3rd, 2. P to B 8th (Kt) etc.; if 1. B to Kt 4th, 2. R to Q 4th (ch) etc.; and if 1. K to B 3rd, then 2. P to B 8th (Q) etc.

CHESS IN ENGLAND.

Game played at Malvern in the Open Major Tournament of the British Chess Federation between Dr. H. L. FRAENKEL and Mr. G. M. NORMAN. (Caro Kann Defence.)

WHITE (Dr. F.) BLACK (Mr. N.)
1. P to K 4th P to Q 3rd
2. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th
3. P to K 5th B to B 4th
4. B to Q 3rd B takes B
5. Q takes B P to K 3rd
6. Q to K Kt 3rd Q to K 3rd
The variation adopted by White on his third move is supposed to be one favourable to Black, but this development of the Queen is little more than lost time.
7. Kt to K 2nd Kt to K 2nd
8. Castles Kt to B 4th
9. Q to Q 3rd P to B 4th
10. P to Q B 3rd Kt to Q 2nd
11. Kt to Q 2nd R to B sq
12. P to Q Kt 3rd P takes P
13. P takes P B to K 2nd
14. Kt to K B 3rd P to K R 3rd
Probably an oversight, as it leaves no escape for his Kt. Castling is clearly the best reply.
15. P to K Kt 4th Kt to R 5th
16. Kt takes Kt B takes Kt
17. B to R 3rd
Good strategy, cutting off Black's chance of Castling, and keeping his King in the centre of attack.
17. B to K 2nd
18. B takes B K takes B
19. P to B 4th R to B 3rd
20. K to Kt 2nd
The position is instructive. Black has posted both Q and R where they are of no use, and there is practically only his Kt available against White's three strong pieces. Now Kt to Kt 2nd seems necessary. Kt takes P loses a piece.
26. Kt to B 5 (ch) K to B sq
27. Kt to Q 6th
Still paralysing Black's defence, and leading up to a pretty winning combination.
27. Q to B 2nd
The only alternative is R takes Kt, which loses in a less summary fashion.
28. Q to R 7th Q to Q 2nd
29. Q takes R P (ch) K to K 2nd
30. Q to B 6th (ch) K to B sq
31. Q takes Kt (ch) Black resigns.

PROBLEM No. 3868.—BY KESHAB D. DE.
BLACK.



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